

The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1621.

London
July 20, 1932



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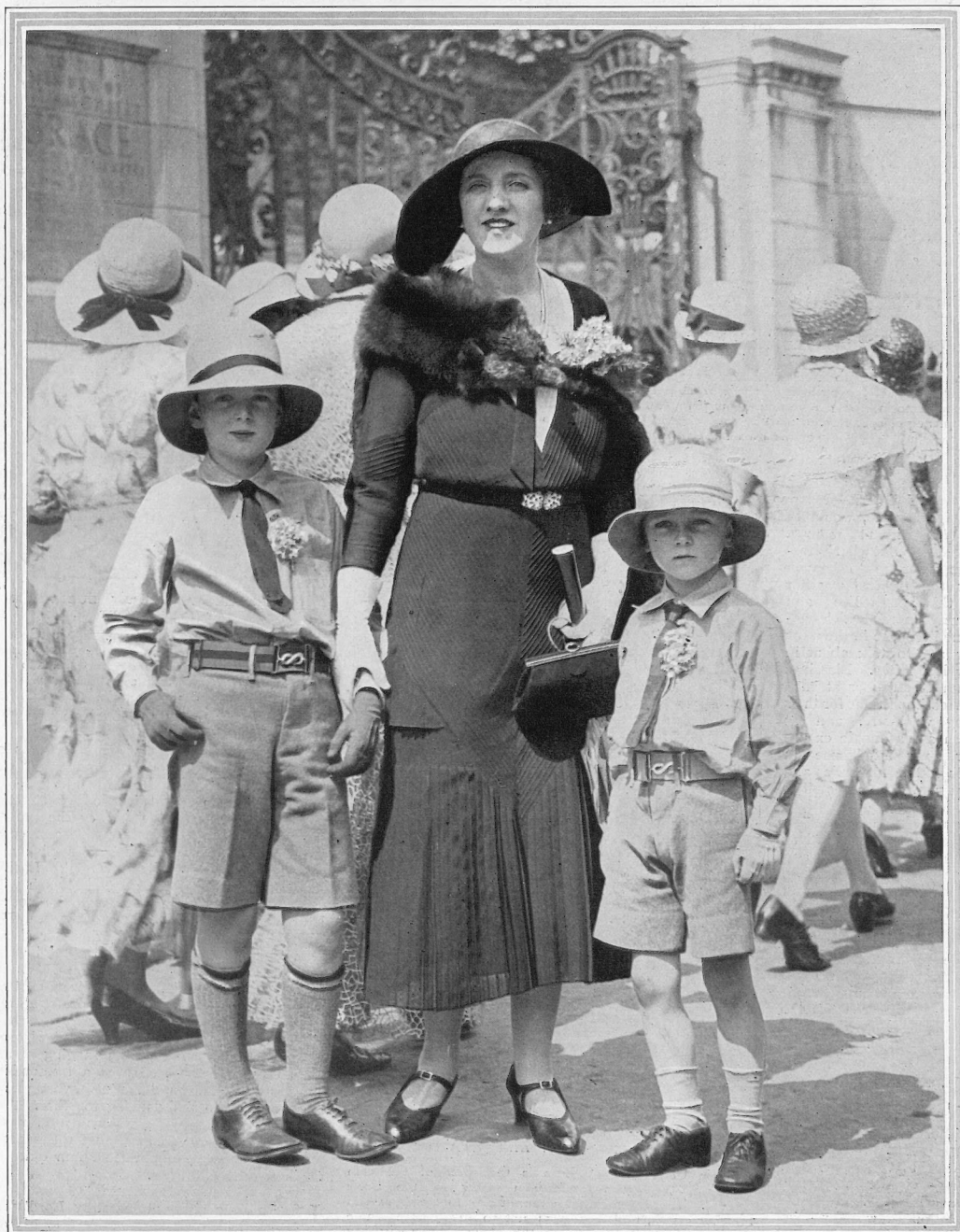
The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ (MRS. EDWARD JOICEY) AND HER SONS

One of the most popular personalities on or off the stage has yet, alas, to wait for a piece which is worthy of her steel, for a much-to-be-desired come-back, since the ill-fated "Fanfare," in spite of the artificial respiration applied to it, apparently has not managed to survive a very sunshiny summer. Miss Violet Loraine, who married Mr. Edward Joicey, M.C., has ever occupied a very warm corner in the heart of her public, and her inborn sense of humour and her charming personality have been the root causes of it



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER: LORD DESBOROUGH AND
H.E. MR. ANDREW MELLON

The Pilgrims' Club Dinner this year was held in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the birth of George Washington. The dinner was held at the Hotel Victoria and the veteran American Ambassador naturally was amongst the principal speakers. So was Mr. Winston Churchill, who thereby got a bit of his own back from the B.B.C.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR—I suppose that a foreigner, visiting England for the first time, would hardly pick on Lord's as the most ideal spot in a heat wave.

But what blessings went up to heaven for the tropical weather of this year's Eton and Harrow match, which happened too late in the week for me to talk about in my last letter. Blessings from small boys at such perfect conditions for their long week-end, and at such a reasonable excuse for over indulgence in ices and strawberries and cream. And blessings from young women of all ages at such a golden opportunity for giving their Ascot dresses and hats just one more airing. We all know that Ascot dresses can earn their keep as evening dresses. But who has ever been able to do anything with an Ascot hat, except put it away in a box with the forlorn hope that it can be made to do duty next year?

But to return to Lord's, which was fuller than ever with small enthusiastic boys and their flapper sisters. Not even the heat could affect their really violent interest in the cricket. And I could mention a few older boys, with grey hair and grizzled faces, who seemed just as



SIR AND LADY IAIN COLQUHOUN AND THEIR
DAUGHTER AT THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH

Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss is the chief of the clan Colquhoun and was formerly a major in the Scots Guards. There was rather a tame finish to the Eton and Harrow match, and there was not so much as a single topper bashed at the end of the show. Economy was not, it is believed, the cause of this

THE LETTERS OF EVE



SIR CHARLES AND LADY BUCHANAN
AT SIBBERTOFT

Sibbertoft, Market Harborough, is Sir George Stanley's house. He was appointed Governor of Madras in 1929 and Lady Buchanan is his and Lady Beatrice Stanley's daughter. Sir Charles Buchanan is a captain in the H.L.I. and an A.D.C. on H.E. the Governor's staff

deeply absorbed in the varying fortunes of the two schools. For on the first day it did seem as though Harrow might win at last.

Personally, I found it too hot to take much interest in the cricket or the crowd, and I was glad to find the peace and comfort of Mrs. Aird's garden with a congenial companion. Her garden overlooks Lord's, so we were, so to speak, still in touch with what was going on. And among the people I found there were her two brothers, Mr. Charles and Mr. Raymond Baring, her sister, Mrs. Peter Thursby, in a cool blue and white dress with a most becoming hat, and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell with their small two-year-old son Colin, who was sporting a large light blue rosette.

Lady Astor gave an Eton and Harrow party that night, her guests ranging in age from ten to seventy. It was a tremendous success with children, débutantes, young marrieds, and parents all dancing together. And at midnight a really marvellous conjurer was produced. He was so good that the septuagenarians seemed to appreciate him quite as much as the small boys.

I felt a little guilty at deserting Lord's for Lingfield on the second day of the match, but I found a good many others

who had done the same. For instance, Lord and Lady Rosebery, whose dance last Friday came too late in the week for me to write about. And Lord and Lady Abergavenny, who had gone with very high hopes that their Knight of the Vale might decide to try and win at last. But he let himself be beaten a head. Lord and Lady Mount-Edgumbe were also there, and so were Lady Linlithgow, Lord Harewood, Lady Mar and Kellie, dressed in white, and Sir Mathew Wilson, whose Rock Star won the last race as easily as the betting indicated that he would.

I returned to the Eton and Harrow atmosphere that night at the Savoy. It was crammed with enthusiasts of all ages, and we ate our dinner to the haunting strains of the "Eton Boating Song" and "Forty Years On." Those marvellous roller skaters and those absurd dancers are still there and kept us really entertained. But the amazing thing was that in spite of the frightful heat we danced more and more energetically as the night went on.

Everybody seemed to be there, entertaining for the young. Captain and Mrs. Hughie Bagot Chester were in a big party which included their very attractive young débutante daughter, Peggy. Mrs. Vernon Tate, who towered above most of the dancers, had a big table for boys and girls, and Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish were with a slightly more elderly party close by. And Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brocklebank's party included the John Craiges, Mrs. Kewley, whose husband owns St. Oswald, Sir Thomas Brocklebank, and Captain Freddie Drummond, whose father wrote the "Eton Boating Song." Or was it his grandfather? An hour before dinner, our hostess had been seeing off her young brother, Mr. Riley, who has gone out for another year with the British expedition in Greenland.

Lady Cunard, the best of all hostesses, gave a wonderfully good party on Tuesday night. It was very hot, so we had to have all the windows open. And, unfortunately, the draught from the open windows dislodged the music from the stands of the musicians and brought Mozart's lovely andante, *Kleine Nachtstücke*, to an untimely end. The Haydn, however, was exquisite. Mr. Kutcher played the violin and Leon Goossens played the oboe, and after the musicians had finished we were treated to a first performance of *Venus and Adonis* given by the Compagnie de Quinze. They triumphed over all



ALL ABOARD FOR OTTAWA: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN AND LORD BURGHLEY

Two of the "Empress of Britain's" distinguished passengers, but bound upon very different missions. Let us hope, however, that one of them will find going over the top just as easy as the other one does



Hay Wrightson
THE EARL OF
MACDUFF

The most recent portrait of the only child of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. The Earl of Macduff is in the direct line of succession to two dukedoms — Connaught and Fife, the latter through his mother, who is a daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Fife—the Princess Royal

difficulties, including a back-ground of geraniums, and Mademoiselle Dasta, whose diction was a model of perfection, looked very beautiful and very Rossetti.

In the audience were Lady Harcourt, in pale pink, the Duchess of Roxburghe in blue and wearing some very fine diamonds, Cora Lady Stafford, and Lady Lavery looking very romantic in white satin, with a wreath of jewelled flowers. Lady Diana Cooper, also in white, had nothing to fear from any Venus either on the stage or off it.

The younger generation was represented by Lady Weymouth, Lady Caroline Paget, in black organdie with pink organdie bows, and Lady Honor Guinness whose pearl and ruby tassel earrings were most enviable. Among the men were the Sitwell brothers and Lord Berners, Sir Thomas Beecham, Lord Moore, and Mr. Colin Davidson.

The tea party which the Gentlemen-at-Arms give every year is such a popular event that it really needs a palace to hold all their friends. And what a charm there is about the State apartments in St. James's Palace. For the rooms are large and so beautifully proportioned, and their walls make a worthy back-ground for those fine portraits of the Tudor and Stuart kings.

The other day, while statesmen were striving and struggling for disarmament, many generals and admirals, who became famous by their deeds in days of war, gathered round the buffet in peaceful and innocent enjoyment of iced coffee and strawberries and cream. Among the several hosts was Sir Beachcroft Towse. He and Lady Towse live almost entirely at Goring where their lovely garden is now looking its very best. The garden was designed and partly made by Sir Beachcroft himself. But he has never seen it, for the place was actually taken after he had been blinded and very badly wounded in the South African War.

The river pousen have been very popular during the heat wave and Poulsen's down at Datchet has been fuller than I have ever seen it before. Everyone I have ever known or seen was

(Continued overleaf)

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AT FRINTON: LADY BELPER AND MRS. RUPERT TOLLEMACHE

A spot of sun does no one any harm and there has been plenty about at Frinton and elsewhere. Mrs. Rupert Tollemache is Lady Belper's sister-in-law, as her husband is a son of the Hon. Douglas Tollemache. She is a sister of Sir Hugh Smiley, and has the most wonderful ash-blonde hair



AT LORD'S LAST WEEK

Lady Cecily Vesey, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Kenmare and the wife of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Thomas Vesey, late commanding the Irish Guards and younger brother of Lord De Vesci, Miss Beatrice and Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, and Miss Vesey—an all-Etonian collection at the Eton and Harrow match

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

there the Sunday of last week. Lady Milford Haven, Miss Mala Brand, and Mrs. Vanderbilt, who is so very like her twin sister, Lady Furness, Mr. Tony Wyzard, Sir Robert Throckmorton, young Mr. Loewenstein, who was just off to America, and Mr. Frank Rediker. And Mrs. Eddy Compton, Mrs. Jack Fielden, and Mrs. Julie Thompson, who was wearing an immense and very cool-looking straw hat.

Earlier in the day Sir John and Lady Dashwood brought over their week-end party from West Wycombe Park for tea and a bathe. Their guests included Lord Lloyd of Egypt and India fame, Sir Arthur Colefax, Mr. Gerald Villiers, Sir William and Lady Max-Muller, and Lord and Lady Glenconner. West Wycombe is one of the loveliest eighteenth-century houses in England and is within easy reach of the river.

After a flying three-day visit to Berlin, I have returned with the conviction that that is the only possible city to live in in hot weather; for it is so easy for the Berliners to get to one or other of those hundreds of lovely lakes, with their miles of sandy shores, and the sweet-scented pine woods which edge them. And, besides, the people of Berlin have so completely mastered the arts both of dressing and undressing in hot weather. Even after twenty-four hours the most ingenuous member of the party startled us all by

a cry of surprise. It was only because he had seen a couple completely dressed on the edge of one of the lakes.

If you don't want to move out of the city one of the most popular places to dine is the roof of the Eden Hotel, which has a lovely view over the Tiergarten. What does it matter if the lilting strains of the orchestra are occasionally interrupted by a domestic wrangle between the lions or the seals. But the real paradise is the Haus-am-See at Wannsee. There we dined in a garden overlooking the lake, which seemed to be half covered with little yachts. And farther afield there is the famous Schloss Marquardt, which has been turned into a restaurant, with very little loss to its original atmosphere and character.

It is good to see Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten back in London again. She is looking very sunburnt, but lovelier than ever, after nearly a year abroad. Prince George was their host the other night at the Monseigneur grill, and the rest of the party included Lady Louis' sister, Mrs. Cunningham Reid and her husband, Lady Dalkeith, and Mrs. Richard Norton, who was wearing a most becoming short velvet cape of bright blue and edged with cock's feathers.

I saw Lord and Lady Louis dining another night with the King of Spain on the terrace of the Dorchester. It has a lovely view of the Park, and now that it has been transformed specially for dining out and supping out, it is one of the pleasantest spots in London, where we are so rarely given an opportunity to have our meals out of doors, even in such weather as this. Mrs. Richard Norton was also in the King's party, and others that I noticed were Princess Malikoff, Sir Ernest Wild, Sir Neville Pearson and his mother, and Priscilla Lady Annesley.

The "Come and Be Filmed" ball at the Carlton last week should really have been fixed for a cold night in winter, for the heat from the arc lamps all round the room and even in the gallery was quite terrific. Only the very hardiest found it possible to do much dancing. However, the heroine of the evening, Miss Camilla Horn, who had flown over specially from Switzerland, had had too much experience of arc lamps to be much affected, and she certainly looked very lovely. The film was *The Return of Raffles*, and those who contributed to the success of the film and the ball with their presence and their ticket money will be admitted at reduced prices to see the film when it is publicly shown in the autumn.

Lady Dorothy Macmillan, who worked very hard to make the ball a success, had a party which included Lady Helen O'Brien and her husband, Mr. Cosmo Crawley, Lady Anne Hunloke, Miss Tennant, and Mr. Peter Lubbock. And Lady Hartington and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore joined her later on. Others to be seen included Lady Oxford, Miss Nancy Mitford, the eldest, the loveliest, and perhaps the most talented of the Redesdale daughters, Mr. David Peel, and many members of the Grenfell family.



A WEEK-END IN ARGYLLSHIRE

In the group are Lady Ainsworth, Sir Kay and Lady Muir, Commander Eyres, and Sir Thomas Ainsworth, M.F.H., late Meath and present Master of the Tipperary. Sir Kay Muir was head of a great Calcutta firm in the old days and keen on both pig-sticking and paper-chasing in his spare time

There will be quite a batch of exciting weddings at the very end of the Season, for Lord Grenfell and Miss Betty Shaughnessy, Mrs. Piers Legh's daughter by her first marriage, have fixed theirs for the 25th and Mr. Freddie Hennessy and Miss Longsdon are being married at Brompton Oratory on the Saturday before. Miss Longsdon is a daughter of Mrs. Washington Singer and an adopted daughter of Mr. Washington Singer, the owner of this year's Derby favourite, who has been on the sick list for the greater part of the last year. After their honeymoon, which is to be spent in France, they will go off to the East for about eight months.—Yours ever, EVE.

A SOCIETY PICTURE GALLERY



MRS. HUBERT LODER AND HER SON SIMON

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Hubert Loder was formerly Miss Brenda McNeill and is the daughter of Mr. Charles McNeill and the late Lady Hilda McNeill. Mr. Hubert Loder is a brother of Colonel Giles Loder, who owned Spion Kop, the Derby winner



THE COUNTESS OF MORAY

Bertram Park

The Countess of Moray is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Archibald Murray of New York, and was married in 1924. The Earl of Moray was formerly in the Scottish Horse, and he served also in the Royal Flying Corps during the War



MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL

Bertram Park

Like two of his brothers, Sir Guy Campbell and Lieut.-Colonel Edward Campbell, Mr. Archie Campbell was a Rifleman, and the 60th is full of the clan. Mrs. Archie Campbell was formerly Miss Dorothy Field and was married in 1928



MAKING-UP: MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN

The beautiful young English actress who went to New York for the lead in "Cynara" and was promptly pounced upon by the Paramount people and signed on for their film "Merrily We Go To Hell," in which she made her American debut

Francis Dee, Pat O'Brien, and Bette Davis are all offered for our delight. But I found one unconvincing, another ruined by bad dialogue, and a third quite unnecessarily involved. And I came to the conclusion that the best of the batch was the non-star film, *Hell's House*, which is on now at the Capitol. *Hell's House* is by way of being an exposure of the abuses in State reformatory schools in America. But as that is merely the excuse for introducing those two very clever and very lovable lads, Junior Durkin and Junior Coghlan, it does not really matter that we are asked to take many of these abuses for granted, while we follow the personal troubles and experiences of the two boys.

Loyalty, of course, is the theme of the story, as it is of all stories of this kind—the loyalty of the two boys for each other; the loyalty of one boy for his hero. But what makes the story original and rather touching is the fact that the imagined hero is a swaggering young boot-legger who is really responsible for the troubles of his worshipper. He has a better nature, this Mr. Kelly, and a certain charm. He is the fiancé of Bette Davis, and he is quite willing to be nice and friendly to young Jimmy. Neither of them knows that he is a boot-legger, and Jimmy accepts a job with him in all innocence. And neither his capture by the police nor his sentence to the reformatory shakes his confidence in Mr. Kelly.

After some general views of reformatory life Jimmy and his friend, Shorty, are seen writing to Mr. Kelly.

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

Even in the winter it would be difficult to feel enthusiastic about any one of this week's new batch of films. Perhaps *Thunder Below*, Tallulah's latest effort, which goes to the Plaza, will be more exciting than the rest and better than her previous ones. But as I have not yet had an opportunity to see it, I must chance it staying on for more than a week and deal with it in the next issue.

It is not for any lack of stars and starlets that this week's pictures left me so unmoved. Ann Harding, Adolphe Menjou, Barbara Stanwyck, Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Ann Dvorak,

The letter is discovered, Shorty refuses to name his pal, and is put into solitary confinement, and Jimmy escapes for help. And even then it takes the news of Shorty's death, the accusing eyes of Bette Davis, and the still unshaken faith of Jimmy to make Mr. Kelly confess his own guilt, clear Jimmy of all blame, and so prevent his being sent back to the reformatory. However, when he does, he does it like a man.

The two boys play their parts with a clumsy sincerity which is almost too convincing, and Pat O'Brien is excellent as the swaggering and rather charming, but cowardly and unheroic, Mr. Kelly. Now that Ricardo Cortez has taken to honesty and ideals, Pat O'Brien will be taking his place as the screen's most charming cad. Bette Davis only has a small part, but how well she does it.

* * *

At the Regal.

Bette Davis, who improves in each new picture, is to be seen also in *So Big*, which you will find at the Regal. There is a peculiar quality about this girl which has nothing to do with beauty. Some people argue that she is not beautiful because they find her eyes too big. But beautiful or not, no other young actress can so completely or so attractively convey passionate and fearless self reliance and truth.

So Big has been adapted very faithfully, so far as the story goes, from Edna Furbur's novel. But the people responsible for the dialogue were hardly worthy of their job. They provoke so much derisive laughter in inappropriate places. And this is not quite fair on Mr. William Wellman, for he has directed this film quite competently, though it does move slowly at times. But this is a picture of long, slow, relentless years. Not of a few hours of crowded life.

Nor is it quite fair on Barbara Stanwyck and the rest of the very good cast which supports her. However, she is a good enough actress to overcome worse handicaps than this, and she carries this picture on her shoulders quite successfully. I do hope, though, that she is not going to be forced into a rut of playing ageing women's parts while she is still so young. She did it in her last film *Forbidden*, and she does it here. And you know what studio magnates are when they get an *idée fixe*.

* * *

At the Empire.

The Wet Parade, which was due to be running at the Empire now, has been postponed for a week to give place to *Love is a Racket*, in honour of its hero, Douglas Fairbanks, junior, who has just arrived in England. As long as you are content to watch young Douglas, and admire Ann Dvorak and Frances Dee, and I personally am quite content, you will have nothing to complain about. But I advise you not to burden your brain by trying to follow the plot.

Quite a number of villains crop up and disappear again, and though Douglas does not actually murder the chief villain, he has the satisfaction of being in at the death, and throwing his body from a pent-house to make it look like an accident. I was surprised that none of the police noticed the bullet wound, but perhaps bullet wounds are unnoticeable after such a fall. So the only trouble in store for Douglas is the news that his girl, Frances Dee, for whom he has taken so many risks just to get her out of danger, has married another, and a richer man. So he decides that love is a racket. And Ann Dvorak decides that now she can get him for herself.

The really unconvincing picture I have left till now. This is *Prestige* at the New Gallery. Adolphe has only a small and unsympathetic part and he is never at his best in a soldier's tunic. Ann Harding achieves such heights of irritating sweetness that I sympathized with her husband's violent outbursts.



IN "THE WORLD AND THE FLESH": MIRIAM HOPKINS AND GEORGE BANCROFT

A very red story of Red Russia at its worst in 1917, which has been on at the Plaza since the 8th. It is full of incident and action, and Miriam Hopkins plays the part of a beautiful refugee from the Bolshevik Terror. George Bancroft is a Bolshevik sea captain, who eventually saves her

OUT AND ABOUT



VICTIMS OF SPEY FEVER

Colonel "Bill" Selby-Lowndes and Sir Robert Green-Price who have been matching their skill against Spey salmon on the Laggan water. The special Spey cast, necessitated by the high banks, is the despair of the inexperienced fisherman



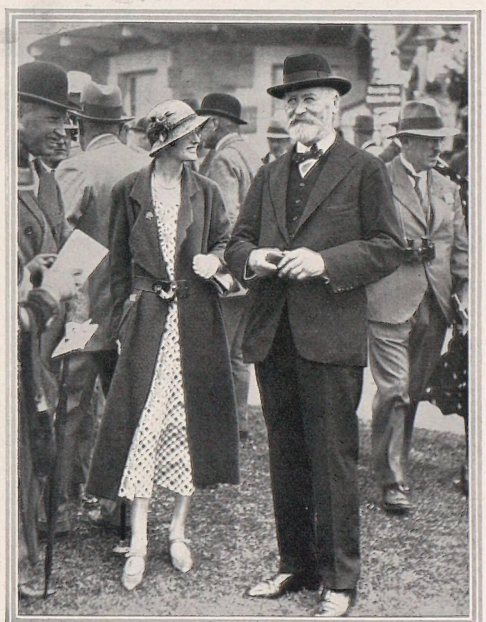
AT THE BEMBRIDGE SAILING CLUB'S REGATTA

A group consisting of (from left to right) Lady Hervey-Bathurst, Lady Amy Biddulph, Brigadier-General and the Hon. Mrs. Noel Lowry-Corry, and Captain Paget all set for Bembridge's annual three-day sea race-meeting. On the second day rain fell determinedly and as a result the course was shortened to one round. Mrs. Lowry-Corry not only shares her husband's enthusiasm for sailing but also paints seascapes with particular skill and has held exhibitions of her pictures in London



WELL-KNOWN BEMBRIDGEIANS

Miss Moreton, Miss Ismay, Mrs. C. R. Woodroffe and her step-daughter, Miss Diana Woodroffe, were, as a matter of course, participating in the Bembridge Sailing Club's regatta, they being "natives" of this delightful part of the world and leading spirits in all the neighbouring sea enterprises. Miss Woodroffe is extra good at sailing, and her victory in the race for club boats was a most popular one. Miss Moreton and Brigadier-General "Dick" Woodroffe's wife are sisters and Miss Ismay is their niece

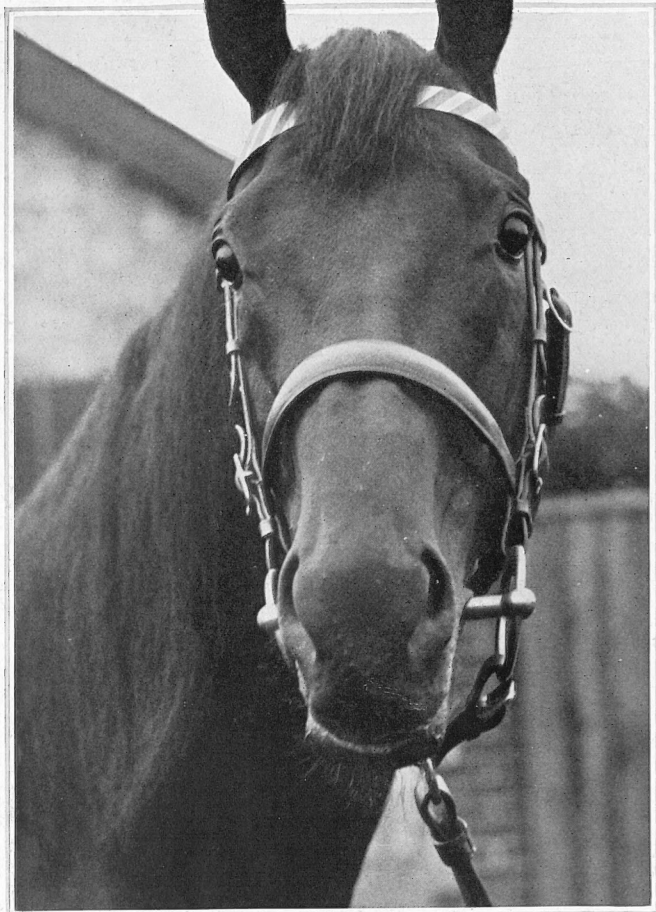


BETWEEN RACES AT THE CURRAGH

Poole, Dublin

In this conversation picture Lady Talbot de Malahide is seen with Mr. John Porter Porter, while on the left is just a glimpse of Lord Talbot de Malahide. Mr. Porter Porter, of Belle Isle, in County Fermanagh, features at most Irish race meetings and hardly ever misses a Curragh fixture. His daughter was formerly Lady Burrell

RACING RAGOUT : By "GUARDRAIL"



HE REMAINS AN ENGLISHMAN—SOLARIO!

No heartier sigh of satisfaction probably has ever gone up at any Newmarket Sales than when Lord Glanely's £49,350 bid for Sir John Rutherford's great horse ensured his remaining in England instead of going to the U.S.A. In the syndicate with Lord Glanely are, amongst others, Lord Rosebery and Sir Laurence Philipps, and the Aga Khan and Lord Glanely each hold four nominations for Solario's services. Solario won the Leger in 1925

IT was too hot and too far to go all the way to the Bibury Meeting again on the Thursday, and the omission spared one the incident about which, for the benefit of racing in general, and amateur racing in particular, the less said the better. It is always wrong to generalize, and this isolated instance does not necessarily bear out the cynic's definition of a "gentleman rider," as one who is nothing like a jockey and anything but a gentleman.

There is no one who takes more trouble to make his meetings a success than Mr. Wilmot at Lingfield. He is full of new ideas for races and the stake money is good, but in the present drought so many horses are stumped up on the going that it is hard to get good fields. Totia won the £1,000 race on the Friday with some ease, after the books had fielded against it as though it had thrown a fit in the paddock. On the Saturday Winalone, a most charming filly, cantered away with a six furlong race in such a way as to make Poor Lad, who beat her last time out, a very live Steward's Cup proposition. This most tricky of races is one on which everyone seems to have a bet at Goodwood, and the pick of the handicap appears to me to be Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's selected, Unlikely and Largition, who has made up into a grand three-year-old.

The second July meeting opened in hot and sultry weather, and, despite the very poor programme and the paucity of runners, attracted a large attendance. The heavy thunder-storms in London and elsewhere did not touch Newmarket and the heath looks very baked. Whether it was the heat that brought out the more diaphanous clothes, I don't know, but this meeting seemed, from the point of view of the women, to be more dressy than the first. Lady Kimberley and Mrs. Dewar were visions of coolness, but the men for the most part looked hot and had done little or nothing to assume a neat tropical garb. Lord Harewood was an exception in tight white flannel overalls, but the effect was spoilt by a black umbrella where a gaily coloured golf or beach ditto would have been more in keeping. It was, I think, Mr. Arthur Prince wearing a white flannel ensemble with a cape and a black velour. For the rest some of the men had got as far as wearing "co-respondents" shoes, but this may merely have been on the principle of those who wear yachting caps at Bembridge to create the illusion that they own a yacht. Mr. Sidney Beer, having found his vocation as a conductor (orchestral), doesn't race as often as he used, but he has a useful two-year-old in Figaro. To him came one of the less erudite, and asked, "How should one pronounce your colt's name?" "Mozart," he replied, "accented, I believe, on the first syllable." "Don't know Moe Zart," retorted the earthy one, "but how ought Moe Tarsh to say it."

How I dislike the tote! Using it as seldom as I do the chart showing the odds was a new one on me, and I got sucked in. A friend asked me to put him a pony on Valkyrie, about which the books were taking 7 to 4. The chart showed 5 to 4 against, so even allowing for the tote being 100 per cent. wrong the price would still be better, and I put the money on with the Tote Investors. I need hardly say that the returned S.P. was 8 to 13 on and the tote price nearly 4 to 9 on, and not having the face to admit I had been fool enough to bet with the tote I shall have to make up the difference. To add insult to injury I suppose my cheque on Monday morning from the Tote Investors will as usual be accompanied by a mass of verbiage containing one-sided and distorted figures to show how much better it is to bet with the tote. I am asking them to discontinue sending me this literature as the matron says that the feeble-minded kiddies at the institution where I used to send it are tired of it.

People have said to me that in some cases they prefer to bet with the tote, as they have received roughness and incivility from bookmakers. This I can hardly believe, knowing what a gentle, sensitive body of men they are. Only last meeting two of them almost came to slaps because one said the other's shouting caused a headache, while the noisy one was gathered not to be in favour of his neighbour's perfume, or words to that effect. How could highly-strung people like this hurt anyone's feelings?

On the first day of the meeting, after what I should think is the longest blank spell he has ever had, Jack Jarvis raised a flag with Ellenborough, and carried on the good work the next day with a nice two-year-old called Woodstock, against whom Lady Hurry refused to struggle. Sir Walter Raleigh had nothing to do to win the July Handicap, and did it handsomely, but he doesn't seem to be the same horse if any struggle is required.

A rather dull day's racing ended up with an apprentice race in which one poor lad and his horse came in twain at the gate, and the horse making the best of its way back to the paddock the diminutive rider presumably had to walk a mile and a half home in full marching order.

With the going getting harder and fields smaller each day it is quite time for Goodwood to come along with its aftermath of a month's easy for horse and man.

PERSONALITY IN PICTURES



Vandyk
MR. JACK MILBURNE, SCOTS GUARDS,
MARRIES MISS PAMELA CAMERON



Bertram Park
WING-COMMANDER CONINGHAM'S
BRIDE, FORMERLY LADY FRANK



THE HON. WILLIAM BATHURST AND HIS
BRIDE, MISS HELEN HEATHCOAT-AMORY



Vandyk
H.R.H. PRINCESS HELEN
OF RUMANIA IN ENGLAND



AT NEWMARKET: THE HON. MRS. WILFRED
EGERTON AND LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP

Above is a new portrait of the young Crown Prince of Rumania's mother, who has lately been paying London a welcome visit. The Archduke Otto (see right) recently came of age, and Austro-Hungarian Royalists are very hopeful that the day is not far distant when H.R.H. will regain the throne of his forefathers. Miss Cameron, who was married to Major and Mrs. C. E. A. Milburne's son last week, is Colonel J. P. Cameron's daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. William Bathurst is a cousin of Sir John Heathcoat-Amory. Lady Frank, the late Sir Howard Frank's widow, was married to Wing-Commander Coningham in Egypt on July 11. The remaining picture shows two ardent racegoers at the Second July Meeting



THE ARCHDUKE OTTO GOES SHOOTING AT HIS
NEW HOME NEAR BRUSSELS, STEENOCKERZEEL

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

A Most Interesting Story.

IT is usually the act of courage, done on the spur of the moment, which gets the world's loudest applause. And yet it is sometimes the least courageous of any. If all the

Heroes had had time to weigh the pro's and con's before committing themselves to acts of glory, I rather fancy there would be fewer tales of heroism to relate. Less bravery is sometimes required to win the V.C. than to undergo an operation with a smile. And the courage with which some people face cheerfully the daily weariness of their lives is worth, not one, but a dozen Carnegie medals. Which is the reason why usually they never get even so much as a little word of sympathetic understanding until they are dead. The world likes drama. It demands a story. But there is often no story at all in real tragedy, just as there is often no story at all in real courage; it is just a stiff upper lip year in year out. Or perhaps a smile which the world believes to be due to cheerfulness, simply because the world wants to believe it. The average man or woman has not the imagination to delve below any surface which is not momentarily illuminated by a shaft of limelight. Sigurd Christiansen's novel, "Two Living and One Dead" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is the story of a man whom the world called a coward, simply because when the moment came for him to be dramatically, but quite uselessly brave, he chose the more reasonable way out by stepping aside. On the other hand, his two comrades won glory—one by being shot dead, the other by a few head wounds. The battle-field was a general post-office during a "hold-up" by bandits. They rushed the building after it was closed for the day. In the first department they shot dead the only man they encountered; not because he offered resistance, but simply because they themselves were frightened. The second man, taken unawares, placed himself in the first instinctive attitude of resistance and was knocked down. The third man, hearing the uproar and having time to realize what was its cause, refused to defend the cash-box with his life when he was at length threatened by a revolver. He had had time to think. He thought of his wife and child and what would become of them when he was dead. He thought of his own life. He belonged to the post-War period—a period when belief in any After-life is so uncertain that the life which is has become doubly precious; a period when detestation of war is due, not to the uplift of religion, but to the growing certainty that the promises of religion are not worth the risk of their fulfilment. He thought

of the misery and poverty which would come to his loved ones through an act which his employers alone would call noble. He thought of his own annihilation. Then he thought of the sum of money which was in his charge. Then he realized that the sacrifice was not worth this sum of money, or any sum. So he stood aside and let the thieves take the cash-box and its contents. But the dead man was made a seven days' hero; the man who was slightly wounded found immediate advancement; but the man who had stood aside was spurned, his whole life ruined. Even his wife, whom he loved, turned away from him in secret disgust, although the widow of the dead man almost starved later on for her husband's unpremeditated act of "courage." The wife of the living man, however, only saw her husband as the world saw him: as a man who, if he had fulfilled his duty, should be dead and buried; more than compensated by a few columns of praise in the local newspapers and a withered laurel wreath on his tomb. The haunting quality of this simply told, but very dramatic story is, alas! its truth. The characters themselves are more mental outlooks than actual living people; but then it is with mental outlooks that we have always to deal and which can make life for all of us either hell or



IN VIENNA: MME. JULIUS MEINL

Who, as Michiko Tanaka, was rated the most popular girl in Tokio, recently married Austria's richest industrialist, and in a few short months became the acknowledged leader of Viennese society. At her brilliant receptions she sings and plays most charmingly

happiness. Moreover, the mental outlook of people concerning other people's duty is invariably in their own minds so plain. Even though this sense of duty should kill them, and the benefit be uncertain, gladly other people should die. This is the theme of Sigurd Christiansen's extraordinarily interesting novel. It would be humorous were not the truth of it so tragic—like Christians kneeling in prayer and then going out to kill one another.

Thoughts from "Two Living and One Dead."

A friendship formed in mature years can never assume the aspect of inevitability attaching to the friendships of youth. There is always something more reserved about the former."

"When your imagination is goaded to the utmost by your instinct for self-preservation, it will hit on the most effective way in the end."

The Gay Adventurer.

Writing of the world's adoration only for stories, it would seem as if the mind alone never gets a man or woman anywhere. Who has said that even Christ Himself would have come down to us only as a philosopher had not His death and crucifixion made Him a God? The world doesn't want to think, it wants to feel! No cause ever gets anywhere if a certain number of its disciples are not killed for it. In fact it doesn't become a cause at all until a number of persons have died for it, quite unnecessarily, apart from publicity. At their death they are made heroes and heroines for those who live to worship. Unfortunately, so many people who die for causes, were they to return, they would probably gnash their teeth for having died for anything so perverted. Their deaths, however, have—so to speak—put flags into the hands of the living, and the living love to wave flags; it is quite the easiest as well as the most dramatic of all forms of worship. And so it is that sinners, being infinitely a better "good story" than saints, become



MISS BRIGIT HERBERT

For whom and her elder sister Gabriel the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert gave a dance last week. The late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Aubrey Herbert was a brother of the late Lord Carnarvon, of Tutankhamen tomb fame

NEGLECTING THE PROFESSION

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"'Oo sez I neglects me children! Well, they should see the bills wot I owes the doctors for 'em"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

more and more popular the longer they are dead. Their lives are as good as the "pictures." For in reading them one can live through the theft, seduction, blood, and murder, all within the space of a few hours; the whole a series of dramatic visions without food for the least thought but plenty for the easier forms of emotion. Thus I can imagine the warmest welcome for the new edition of Mr. Arthur Machen's superb translation of Casanova's "Life and Adventures" (Joiner and Steele. 8s. 6d.). Nearly a thousand pages of experiences, each one of which might be called a smoking-room story—were not smoking-room stories often a clearer reflection of life itself than those once related in Victorian drawing-rooms to amuse the ladies. In this life it is not so much what you do but how you do it, and thus escape the consequences which make for popularity. And Casanova had a way of doing things supremely well—which is doing them dramatically, wickedly, and joyfully. In his reminiscences he is invariably decorative. He is amusing, too, and often wise—that is, if you have forgotten or put in their relative importance in everyday life those precepts and adages which, being embroidered and framed and old, often fetch high prices in antique shops. As, for instance: "The theory of morals and its usefulness through the life of man can be compared to the advantage derived by running over the index of a book before reading; when we have perused that index we know nothing but the subject of the work. This is like the school for morals offered by the sermons, the precepts, and the tales which our instructors recite for our especial benefit. We lend our whole attention to those lessons, but when an opportunity occurs of profiting by the advice thus bestowed upon us we feel inclined to ascertain for ourselves whether the result will turn out as predicted; we give way to that very natural inclination, and punishment speedily follows with concomitant repentance. Our only consolation lies in the fact that in such moments we are conscious of our own knowledge and consider ourselves as having earned the right to instruct others; but those to whom we wish to impart our experience act exactly as we have acted before them and, as a matter of course, the world remains in *statu quo*, or grows worse and worse." And how true, alas, that is! But it is a lesson which not one elderly person in a thousand ever learns. Which may, or may not, be as well. For the longer I live the more I realize that the only goodness which is worth a crown is the goodness which comes of repentance and tears. By experience, and usually sad experience, we grow wiser and better, and what the world thinks of us at the end matters nothing at all. It is what we think of ourselves. And the ratio of our self-satisfaction in life is the ratio of our failure. Alas! for poor Casanova, he lived too long. Decorative sinners should never live too long. Comes the day when they look ugly and make sin look ridiculous. So it was unkind to add at the end of his vivid and unashamed "Life and Adventures" the picture of him in his old age. Casanova, himself, ceased to relate his experiences while he was in the full decorative glory of them. He was a Great Figure without being a Great Man. It is interesting to dream of what he would have been had he lived 200 years later. Would he have become an honoured statesman or a languisher in Wandsworth gaol? Probably the former, because a really clever rogue is never completely found out until he has been dead some days. And Casanova, up to a point, was a very clever man indeed.

A Good Thriller.

Mr. Malcolm was a first-rate golfer, yet when he hit a ball through the dining-room window of the late Mr. Browne's house he never, metaphorically speaking, holed out better in one in all his life; for it burst like a young bomb at the very moment when Mr. Browne's will was being related to his assembled relatives on a gramophone record. The record, in fact, had just got to the words, "You know that I am dead—well, let me tell you this . . . there can be no possible doubt that I have been murdered . . ." when Mr. Malcolm's golf ball interrupted the proceedings. After the ensuing consternation had subsided, it was found that the gramophone disc upon which the will had been recorded had vanished. Well, I will tell you this much: acidulated old Miss Browne, the dead man's sister, had done this really marvellous sleight-of-hand. So it looked as if she, perhaps, had murdered the old man. But afterwards it looked as if everyone assembled in that room might have committed the crime, and there were five people present, excluding the lawyer and the golfer. Not that, morally speaking, it mattered who had done the deed. Old Mr. Browne was such an old beast that it would have been an act of public philanthropy for anyone to have shot him in the head. But alas! the law makes no difference between "loss" and "good riddance" when it comes to human life, so justice had to be meted out to somebody. But to whom? Ah! but that is the main thrill of a really good thriller. Anybody in this story might have done it, except, of course, the usual amateur sleuth-hound of the usual astounding cleverness, and also excluding the minions of Scotland Yard, who in books are clever only in the manner in which they get in everybody's way and draw red herrings across the pathway which the amateur sleuth-hound is following, nose to ground, so to speak. It is all very mysterious. But if you want to solve another good mystery, read "Shot in the Dark" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), by "Fairlie," the well-known writer on golfing matters. It is his first golfing thriller, and a very good one indeed.

Now I Wonder . . . ?

Now I wonder why Alice Cobbett took the trouble to continue her own version of that tantalizing fragment of a novel left by Jane Austen, since when she bids good-bye to all that remains of the opening chapters of "Saniton," her story becomes better and better. The title is "Somehow Lengthened" (Benn. 7s. 6d.). Happily, she has not sought to *finish* "Saniton"; she has merely used the initial situation of the original fragment and developed it, not as she thinks Jane Austen might have developed it, but as she would develop it herself. Consequently, the further she gets from Jane Austen the more alive her story becomes and the less bound by a literary tradition. Her own version, for instance, of "Saniton" is much more ponderous than the original, but having come to the end of it and starting, so to speak, on her own, the tale becomes a delightful one of a typically Jane Austen heroine cast into a story which is totally unlike anything Jane Austen would have conjectured. Having removed her heroine from Saniton to Hastings, she gets busy with wild adventures among smugglers, introduces a new character in Lady Westborough, and generally makes everything so brisk and almost exciting that darling Jane would surely never realize that she ever had even the remotest connection with it. It is all very well done nevertheless.



ISIDORE OSTRER

By Author

An intimate impression of one of the big noises in the moving picture world, in fact, one of its outstanding figures. Mr. Isidore Ostrer is the President of the Gaumont British Corporation, and has also other wide interests in the entertainment industry

AT THE PLAYHOUSES



THE SAVOY FOLLIES: MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY AND MISS FLORENCE DESMOND IN "THE DISHONOURED CZECH"



"THE IDLE RICH": MISS FLORENCE DESMOND, MR. JOHN MACK, MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, AND MR. HAL BRYAN



MR. GILLIE POTTER, THE IDEAL COMPÈRE

The Savoy Follies, under the banner of Mr. Archie de Bear (a Co-Optimist progenitor), have brought back to us a form of entertainment we have missed badly. It is a merry show with some quite outstanding numbers—two of them pictured in this page—and some equally outstanding geniuses of mirth to put them over. We have rarely had such a wonderful mimic as Florence Desmond; and Stanley Holloway and Gillie Potter, as everyone knows, can and do speak for themselves. "Evensong" has made a definite success at the Queen's Theatre, and is all about a Queen of Song whose voice is beginning to go but who declines to give in. Miss Edith Evans has a great chance, as Irella, and makes every ounce of use of it. Miss Hermione Baddeley (the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant) has been amusing everybody with her clever sketch, "Missing the Bus," first given at the Gargoyle Club, and now making a successful round of the London music-halls



Polard Crowther
MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY IN "MISSING THE BUS" AT THE GARGOYLE CLUB



Photographs by Stage Photo Co.
IN "EVENSONG": MR. REGINALD TATE (ROSENBERG), MR. DEERING WELLS (DR. CAMPBELL), AND MISS EDITH EVANS (IRELLA)

Campbell: "D'you see that, Mr. Rosenberg? No singer I've ever known had a throat like that. It's an ideal formation"

POLO NOTES : "SERREFILE" By

SAVE for the temptation to tread upon that always dangerous ground, the discussion of any personalities in connection with our next International encounter with America, the most interesting recent news item I think must be said to be the Subalterns' Gold Cup, which, even if it has been a virtual sitter for the holders, the Scots Greys, is, I take leave to believe, a tournament upon which it must always be well worth our while to concentrate our attention. Now, as in the past, the Army is the backbone of this game, and it is in the Army nurseries that we have got to rummage to find the cracks of the future. I think the Inter-Regimentals, ever since I can remember having had anything, as a "Boswell," to do with this game—over twenty-five years—give a very strong corroboration to a statement like this, and to reel off a string of names at random gives pretty good proof. Take this little list and then think of those who have come right into the front rank; practically every mother's son of them, bar one or two, graduated in his regimental team: Cheape, Barrett, Tomkinson, Lockett, Boles, Wodehouse (now Lord Kimberley), Ritson, Mathew - Lannowe, Grenfell, Harrison, Cholmondeley (Rock-savage), Noel Edwards, Hardress-Lloyd, Palmer, Palmes, Vaughan, Lawley, Hone, Little, Miller, Herbert Wilson, Melvill, Hurndall, Guinness, Phipps-Hornby, Scott-Robson, George, P. K. Wise, Roark, Williams, Atkinson, Pert, Dening, Kirkwood—and that, perhaps, is almost enough to be going on with, and sufficient, at any rate, to back the assertion that it is in the regiments that we have got to find them. Brilliant civilian players, of course, there have been, and names like Watson (twice an International), Freake five times, Buckmaster in four winning English teams v. America, and C. P. Nickalls three times, and all three winners, and Traill spring readily to the lips. The civilian player is not so plentiful in these present times.

All these soldier celebrities did not attain International rank, but the majority of them did, and they commenced their careers in their regimental teams. It is on the same principle as the Field-Marshal's baton concealed in the knap-sack of every recruit! The most encouraging feature at the moment is that, quite apart from those whose names are in that little list of past and present performers of class is that the coming crop, in which, of course, some of the names given are included, is such a good one; and I think everyone ought to take his hat off to the soldier who has kept this great game going at a time when there were, and are, plenty of people knocking

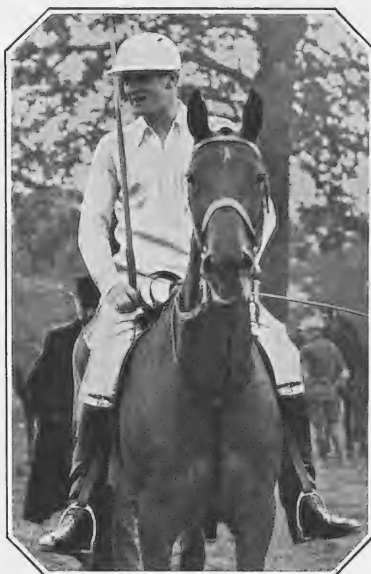


MERCHISTON WIN THE ROEHAMPTON HANDICAP CUP W. A. Rouch

It was evident pretty early on in the final of this Cup that a $5\frac{1}{2}$ goal start was a lot too much for Someries House (or any other team of the moment) to give Merchiston, and they got home quite "nicely thank you" $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 7. The names in the picture are: Mr. D. J. Frost, Mr. H. H. Hughes, Mr. F. H. George, and Major E. D. Fanshawe, the Bay's back

and it was 2 all when the final one started. I did not see this game at Tidworth, and what the butler told the cook is not evidence, so I will not repeat what a person called "They" said. In the Inter-Regimental The Greys knocked the 11th out 10 to 3, and there was only one man in each team not in the

Subalterns' teams—Major Gaisford St. Lawrence (Greys) and Captain Verelst (11th)—so that may help as a collateral reference to the form. In the semi-final of the Subalterns' Cup into which The Greys then went straight away they beat the 8th Hussars 9—5, and as that was in London I do dare to say that The Greys were nothing like extended. If it had been a handicap The Greys would have had to give the 8th $11\frac{1}{2}$ goals start, so if they had had to go for their lives to beat them by only 4 goals they could not have been the good team we know they are. In the final v. the Life Guards The Greys won by 18 to 3, which is about what they could have done v. the 8th. On handicap The Greys were an $8\frac{1}{2}$ goal better team than The Life Guards. The Life Guards had put the other Household Cavalry team out 5 to 3 in the other semi-final. The Greys therefore dominated the situation, and all that can remain for anyone to try to do is discover which team of the slain went the best against them. On the recorded facts and not upon what I heard about that tie at Tidworth I think that it may be fair to say that the 11th Hussars came out best. Their subalterns' team was: Mr. J. F. C. Dugdale, Mr. W. Wainman, Mr. R. A. G. Bingley, and Mr. D. E. Schreiber. All bar Mr. Wainman are in the regimental team. The Life Guards were probably the next best team in the ring. In the Inter-Regimental the Bays beat them held, 7 to 3. What wins the Championship? Search me! There is no chance to say more this week.



THE EARL OF SEFTON

Who was the back of the Cavaliers team as it was sent into action v. Oxford University (rec. $5\frac{1}{2}$, won $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 5) in the semi-final of the Tyro Cup at Hurlingham. The Oxford team eventually won the whole show, beating Norton Bavant, who had to give Oxford a $2\frac{1}{2}$ goals start



LADY MOIRA COMBE

It must be a pleasure to photograph Lady Moira Combe, for the success of the resulting picture is a foregone conclusion. As well as possessing an exceptionally charming face, she has a perfect dress sense, which refuses to allow itself to be overruled by fashion's more fantastic fevers. Lady Moira does her full share in helping charity's many good causes, children's hospitals being high on her list. A great-niece of the present Earl of Clonmell, she married Lieut.-Colonel Henry Combe, R.H.G., in 1920

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding



THE WOLF-MAN OF WHIPSNADE



MR. SPENS-STEWART TAKES A BIG CHANCE WITH THE WOLVES AT WHIPSNADE

These remarkable pictures were taken at close range by the photographer, who is not one of those remarkable persons who can take risks with wild animals because they possess that undefinable thing called "animal sense." Mr. Spens-Stewart possesses it, and the photographer does not! Nine points in the battle are, of course, confidence, which means a complete lack of fear—but the other tenth is this strange thing which no one yet has been able accurately to explain. Dogs, however savage, do not attempt to bite some people: a horse knows even before some people put a hand on him that he is a friend, likewise a master: elephants, bears, the big cats, all the cloven-footed tribe *en masse*—bar always the "Tsaine" whom nothing could influence—and even snakes recognise this quaint "sense." Wolves are probably as treacherous members of the dog tribe as stand upon the pads of four feet, yet they do respond. Kipling's Mowgli existed in real life in not one, but many cases. Mr. Spens-Stewart, F.Z.S., handled some of these wolves of Whipsnade when they were cubs at the "Zoo" in Regent's Park; but even this would not have ensured immunity if he had not had that peculiar "sense." He would never have dared to go near a she-wolf suckling her cubs if he had been just ordinary. If V.C.'s were given for this sort of thing, the photographer deserves one, for he followed Mr. Spens-Stewart in his peregrinations with no better protection than his clicking camera, which, in spite of his expressed belief to the contrary, would not have averted the most unpleasant results if anything had gone amiss with the reception the wolves gave their friend, Mr. Spens-Stewart.

Photographs by William Davis



Chas. E. Brown
H.M.S. "HOOD"
INGUERNSEY: A
GROUP AT THE
DANCE GIVEN
IN THE SHIP

The names are (left to right): Front row, Captain J. F. C. Patterson, Flag Captain; Lady Ruthven; Vice-Admiral W. Tomkinson, C.B., Lord Ruthven, Lt.-Governor of Guernsey; Flag-Lieut. Comdr. J. P. Gornall. Seated behind, the Hon. Jean Ruthven, Mrs. J. F. C. Patterson, Captain R. G. Davis, R.G.M., A.D.C. to Lord Ruthven; Miss M. Lamson. Standing behind, Captain A. A. J. Allen, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Staff Captain



Truman Howes
AT MR. AND MRS. W. R. LYSAGHT'S HOUSE PARTY
(In front): Mrs. Lysaght, Lord Lonsdale and Mr. W. R. Lysaght.
(Standing): Mr. H. R. Lysaght, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Desmond Lysaght and Lord Queenborough



AT LEAFY-AND SUNNY-LINGFIELD: LADY PENRHYN AND CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. DU. BUISSON IN THE PADDOCK

Exactly how H.M.S. "Hood," the world's biggest fighting ship, got into Guernsey Harbour—if she got in—has not been disclosed, because when the ship was in Sydney, if report speaks truly, there was a bit of bother. One of "Hood's" liberty men, getting rather tired of the local inhabitants' oft-repeated question, "Have you seen our harbour?" is alleged to have replied, "No! The 'Ood's' on it!" The ship is 41,000 tons, with a main armament of eight 15-inch guns, and she is the flagship of the Battle-Cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic or Home Fleet, and Vice-Admiral W. Tomkinson flies his flag in her. Captain Patterson commands her. These big battle-cruisers are almost spacious enough to train the Bluejackets Polo Team in, and a big ball-dance, of course, is nothing to them. Lord Ruthven has been Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey since 1929. Immediately before that he had the London District Command. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lysaght had the house-party in the group at Castleford for the Chepstow Welsh Derby meeting. Mr. W. R. Lysaght's Prairie Moon won the Wye Valley Maiden Plate on the last day. Mrs. Anderson is Mr. and Mrs. Lysaght's daughter. The Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson, who is with her husband and Lady Penrhyn, was formerly the Hon. Sylvia Portman. Lingfield, like everywhere else at that time, was smoking hot



THE LATEST OF JANE AUBERT

The very last picture received this side of the Atlantic of the pretty French musical comedy star, who, following in the footsteps of Mlles. Bordoni and Delysia, has made such a success in the U.S.A. that Paris rarely sees her in flesh and blood these days

TRÈS CHER,—One of the cleverest French *chanson-niers*, Jean Bastia, is the author of a rhymed monologue of which the recurring refrain is: "*On a qu'à se mettre à la terrasse . . . et regarder passer la vie !*"

It would be inept, not to say invidious, to appear to make a comparison between the British Embassy—where a *soirée* was given (to have the honour to meet Monsieur le Président de la République) on the evening of the 6th—and the *terrasse* of M. Bastia's *café*, but nevertheless the line haunted me as I sat (with uncrossed knees, for the good manners of my girlhood had returned to me . . . on this occasion only) in the lofty white and gold Throne Room and watched "life go by."

Such a motley crowd! . . . Lovely young creatures in beautiful frocks and jewels, groomed by famous beauty-parlours and coiffured by Antoine, sat next to other young things no less lovely perhaps, since youth is always reckoned beautiful, but wrapped, hardly dressed, in the nondescript garment due to home seamstresses, unpowdered of nose and a little dowdy as to hair. Dress suits of venerable age rubbed elbows—which was a pity, for they were already so shiny—with the immaculate tailoring of the Rue Cambon . . . but there, it seemed to me, the old suits scored, for most of them were brilliant with orders and decorations, while many of the others had to hide their barren lapel with a merely flowered buttonhole. Here a tiara, built of great slabs of glass, reminded one of the Statue of Liberty; there the loveliest lace-like designs from the Rue de la Paix—or, in greater probability, Bond Street—shone with the inimitable blue-white flash of diamonds and the gorgeous glint of emeralds or sapphires. A slim, fair-haired pupil from the Polytechnique, in his sombre tunic, stood close to a wearer of the gorgeous, gold-laced uniform of a Marshal of France, who, sunken of cheek and grizzled

Priscilla in Paris

of hair, sat stiffly on his fragile rout-chair as if on his charger, and solemnly nodded in time to the music made by a nine-year-old prodigy of the violin, little Grisha Gobuloff.

Here an extraordinarily thin woman, tanned down to the neck by a hunting field complexion, showed every joint of her vertebrae through the milk-white skin of her back; there an enormous Frenchwoman oozed over her chair, of which the cane back left a honeycomb-patterned impression on her all too-fleshy *décolletée*. An alert young foreign military attaché, moving with all the lithe grace of his race, rendered more pathetic than ever the maimed gait of that one-armed, one-legged hero, General Gouraud, Governor of Paris, who, with great difficulty, rose from his seat and went to stand in a doorway in order to have a better view of Nana de Herrera's dancing. This vivid young Spanish dancer, whose recital at the Salle Gaveau was one of the successes of the season, was well applauded, even by what seemed to me the very ill-mannered throng that stood at the back of the room and chattered throughout the music, to the annoyance of those of us who were sitting "in the body o' the kirk" behind the President, Lord Tyrrell, and the most important guests of the evening.

Later, in the illuminated grounds of the Embassy, the sight was almost lovelier than in the drawing-rooms. Mme. de Talleyrand, very old and fragile-looking, and yet most amazingly stately in her stiff white satin gown that billowed out around her as she walked, leaning on her ebony crutch-stick, seemed to have stepped down from the frame of an Old Master. It was a warm night, almost sultry but for a soft little breeze that sometimes stirred the centenarian trees of the garden that gives on to the Avenue Gabriel, and the young people were like children out of school after the closer atmosphere indoors.

I found the boy violinist playing trains by himself round and round a parterre of roses, while his manager struggled at the buffet to get him a well-earned ice. A nice kiddie, this bob-haired young Grisha, who speaks English with hardly any trace of a foreign accent; very shy of discussing

his music, but a great deal to say about the flavour of strawberry ice as opposed to raspberry, and quite certain that champagne mixed with orangeade is a much nicer drink than plain lemonade. He was also very delighted at having been invited to the garden-party that was to take place on the following afternoon. "You see," he said, "I shall be a real guest then, and not have to play." He added, irrelevantly, "I like this grass . . . it's like the carpets we have in my country. I wonder if it's as lovely a green by daylight!"

Maybe this little fiddler with an eye for colour will turn out to be, *à rebours*, another Ingres in his leisure hours.

I only saw him in the distance next day, for the crowd that sauntered in the garden to the strains of the band of the Garde Républicaine was very dense; but from the way he walked, sliding his little feet over the thick, close-cut lawn with obvious pleasure, I do not think he was disappointed, and that, to me, seems most important. *Quant à moi*, I enjoyed myself tremendously, but that, of course, is of no matter. With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.

MR. AND MRS. HERBERT HASELTINE
IN PARIS

Mr. Herbert Haseltine is the American animal sculptor whose work is so much appreciated in England and elsewhere. The snap was taken in the courtyard of the Ritz, Paris, and his chic wife has a scarf of spotted foulard to match her hat—which is the last word with the ultra-smart. The "dawg" may be a Saluki, but he is obviously feeling like nothing on earth

SOME OF US—FILM FOLK!



ADRIENNE DORE AND MAE MADISON, A CANOE AND SOME ROWING SHORTS

The two beautiful young things with the Canadian canoe are both well known in America's movie world, even though they have not yet reached the altitude of fixed stardom. They are dressed for a dip (and also for the publicity man), but the last thing on earth they intend to do is to get wet. Loretta Young, when hit by the camera, was out on what they call "location" in cinemese, which means having a look-see, hence the Jodhpurs which will cut her knees to ribands if ever she rides in them, as they don't fit at the critical spot. Her latest film is "The Hon. Mr. Wong," a boy friend, possibly, of "Mr. Wu." Whether the new film Paul Lukas and Eleanor Boardman are in is telling us the truth is rather in the air



LORETTA YOUNG—ALSO SOME JODHPUR BREECHES

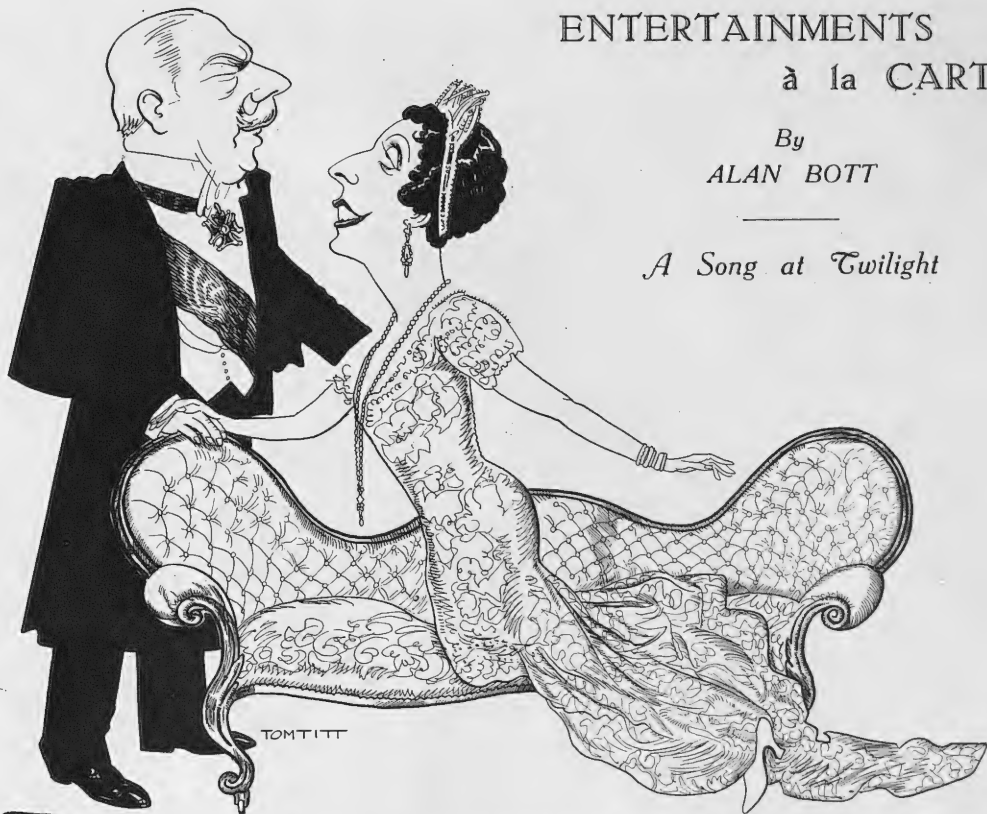


PAUL LUKAS AND ELEANOR BOARDMAN IN "WOMEN LOVE ONCE"

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT

A Song at Twilight



ANTIQUES: EDITH EVANS AS THE DIVA. FREDERICK LEISTER AS AN AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE FROM HER PAST



NOSTALGIA: WILFRED LAWSON AS THE MANAGER

A GLITTERING period of opera, lately gone by, parades in *Evensong* with Irela the diva. Her own dethronement as Queen of Song is not more certain than the passing of the ornate adulation that surrounded world-famous sopranos. This has become as dim as the affectionate Archdukes and regal Duchesses that formerly thronged the opera-boxes.

There is now no world-famous diva in the sense that Patti, Melba, or Tetrassini were such. The wearers of tiaras and titles can make operatic favourites no longer, and most of what plutocracy has survived the depression is too disinterested to bother about top singers. The tune for audiences, whether in opera or other entertainment, is mostly called by the modern mass-female, who prefers great fiddlers to great singers, and as a rule would rather listen to a Carbo than to either. When she does patronise opera, she follows the composer rather than his interpreters. Her money is enticed more readily for Mozart or Strauss than for Ponselle or Jeritza. Meanwhile, it is the mummers who talk into sound-machines, six thousand miles away, that gather nine-tenths of her interest in Thespian personality.

The grand sopranos of yesterday (whose carriages inevitably had to be pulled from the Opera House in St. Petersburg or Vienna by ecstatic students) were in their different manner as grotesque as are the talkie stars, according to Mr. Beverley Nichols; and who should know better? His overseas Irela (whom he put first into a novel, and then, with Mr. Edward Knoblock's collaboration, into this play) is a freak able to convince us that she was a fantastic fact. She is hardly bearable, but as presented through the remarkable acting of Edith Evans she is alive with the distorted fascination that comes from monsters.

The gods of propagation gave Irela's throat a shape that enabled it, after appropriate training, to throw an acrobatic range of notes, lovely and pure as a choir-boy's before the voice begins to break. It made her as well known as a Dickens,



FLAMBOYANCE: ETHEL GLENNING AS BABA LETOILE

VIOLET VANBRUGH
PROMPTING ROMANCE

truth about a waning voice, she leaves her manager (formerly her accompanist, when she kept his name from programmes containing the songs he had written for her). Savage possessiveness — she tolerates no affection except for herself, and forbids her secretary-niece's friendship with a pleasant young man. Meanness — she takes her jewel-box on the niece's birthday and chooses from the pearls and rubies a dingy coral necklace. Insincerity — because she is tired, she will marry the Austrian Archduke of her lost youth; but because he will leave his castle and indulge his new democracy, she will not marry him after all.

She will continue to her end as Irela, sometime Queen of Song. We leave her alone in Paris, parted from the Archduke and eloped from by the niece, clothed in false pathos, and listening to gramophone records of the voice that was. She has signed a contract with a new manager who deals in soft soap instead of truth. She will sing "Home, Sweet Home" and "Coming Through the Rye" to American audiences that take the fame for the substance (presumably she will miss out New York from the tour, since Lily Pons is at its Metropolitan Opera House as to-day's Baba Letoile, who has outshone the older great ones). A *rivederci*, *diva*, until the ultimate farewell concert.

It is almost horrible as a portrait, the more so because of Edith

an emperor, or a boxing champ. Ridden by the daemon of supremacy, she may not be free now that she is old. The orchestra can cover a difficult passage with fortissimo playing, and two breaths and a clipped syllable can still give her enough painful wind for top notes. She must hold on, at whatever cost to others. Her manager must arrange that the name of Baba Letoile, her younger rival, shall be billed in letters no larger than those for a mere composer like Verdi or Massenet. Around her must be flattery, pretence, and ruthless sacrifice before the trick voice that makes its owner what is oddly called an artist.

Thus Irela, preparing for another first night and yet another farewell appearance. Her throat is sprayed before the usual triumph. Also as usual, there are congratulations from ancient generals and peeresses at Covent Garden, where she pettily insults the flamboyant Baba. And when Baba has an equal triumph, which attracts from the Syndicate a contract for next season, Irela throws tantrums and bouquet petals all round the artistes' room, where the young have deserted her for the fresher star.

That might seem enough for an indictment; but there are other counts against the harpy of song. There is extreme vanity — she withholds all photographs that make her look over thirty. Ingratitude — because he tells her part of the

Evans's performance. This is excellent, but as cruel as it possibly could be without losing conviction. I am unable to join in the genuflections before what is called a masterpiece of acting. It is vastly competent. It builds up a tremendous whole with a multitude of fine details. It is without a doubt the ablest performance to be seen in London at this moment. It is, if you like, marvellous, in the sense that you can marvel at its technical perfection. But it is bitter, and it has next to no warmth. It is so austere that, when the lines suggest any quality that might redeem in some slight degree the diva's temperamental make-up, Miss Evans dodges gentleness like the plague.

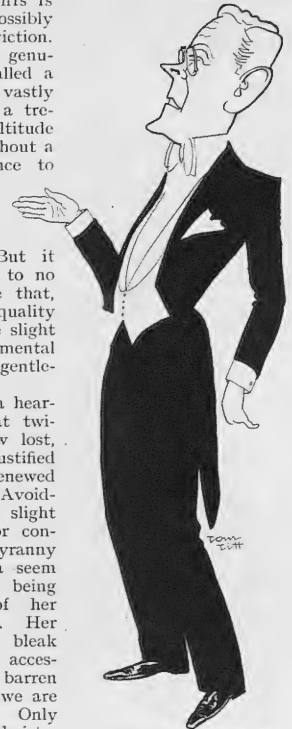
The last curtain, on Irela hearing a gramophone song at twilight from the voice now lost, gives opportunity for justified pathos; and so does her renewed contact with the Archduke. Avoidance of these chances for slight relief from hardness, or for contrast to the piling up of tyranny upon egotism, makes Irela seem rather too pathological a being to sway the affection of her lover, or even of the crowd. Her inhumanity is the more bleak because most of the thirty accessory characters are also kept barren of sympathy, in so far as we are allowed to realise them. Only the Archduke and his faded sister (attractively played by Frederick Leister and Violet Vanbrugh) can

draw some slight affection from an audience.

The play is ably constructed, and would be worth any theatre-goer's while, even without the tour de force from Edith Evans. Mr. Edward Knoblock's hand, as that of a master craftsman in construction, is evident in the richness of actable material given to Irela, and also in the deft adaptation to a terrific central character of the lesser ones, for all that these mean little in themselves. The production must stand or fall by Irela the monster — and it is able to stand upright and unavoidable. Mr. Beverley Nichols's portrait of her is brilliant, vivid, cruel, artistic, deep-etched and more than a bit catty.

Wilfred Lawson makes the manager emerge from the pattern as an impressive study. Beatrix Feilden-Kaye is admirable as a veteran maid who knows intimately, and plays up to, the diva's egotism. Joan Harben nicely suits the faint rôle of the niece.

The scenery designed by Mr. Laurence Irving for Irela's flats in London and Paris, and for the artistes' room at the Opera, is valuable in giving exactly the right atmosphere for *Evansong* as a picture of survived pre-war attitudes in operatic bravura; and coincidence carries his gilded patterns into harmony with the ornate, old-fashioned appearance of the Queen's Theatre itself.

DEERING WELLS ON
THROAT-SPRAYINGSWEEPED OFF HER FEET: JOAN HARBEN.
HARRY WILCOXON

Change Here For

LE TOUQUET
EDINBURGH
AND DUBLIN



THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI OF RUSSIA WITH
(LEFT) M. MIGLIETTA AT LE TOUQUET



MR. JOHN MUSKER AND HIS
BRIDE SIT IN THE SUN

The Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia, one of the most popular of Le Touquet's recent patrons, is the brother of the Grand Duchess Marie. It will be remembered that he had a hand in the removal of the redoubtable Rasputin. Attractive Mrs. John Musker, who has also lately been visiting Le Touquet with her husband, was formerly Miss Elizabeth Loeffler



WHAT THE SEA SAW: MISS HUNTER
AND MISS BELLEHUMEUR OF U.S.A.



WINNERS OF THE NOVICES' CUP IN DUBLIN: MR. D. PHIBBS,
DR. VON DEHN, MR. S. SLOCOCK AND MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD

Poolie, Dublin



Smith

THE POINT OF THE STORY

Mr. A. W. Moncrieff, a noted member of the Royal Company of Archers, showing the Misses Sinclair one of the arrows concerned in winning for him the King's Prize which was shot for at the Meadows, Edinburgh. The group on the left features the Collinstown team which recently annexed the Novices' Cup at the All Ireland Polo Club's headquarters in Phoenix Park by 3 goals to 1. Major Kirkwood, the Secretary to the Club, is of course, an ex-International. Dr. von Dehn, who is the German Minister in Dublin, has shown capital form this season

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COME AND HAVE A

"BLACK & WHITE"





THE H.A.C. v. THE LEICESTERSHIRE GENTLEMEN, AT MARKET HARBOROUGH

Date

The names of the combined teams and the umpires are (left to right), top row: W. Neathan, J. M. Bradshaw, L. Merryman, T. H. Needham, J. Shakespear, M. Broadbent, K. W. Symington. Second row: A. C. G. German, N. Beeson, J. B. Frisby, J. C. C. McIntosh, C. Haworth, J. Wooley, H. K. F. Ruddle, Major Johnson, P. Morice, Captain Fowler. Third row: S. Taylor, A. H. Pench, J. C. Hayden, R. G. Watson, P. Frith, W. Potter-Mackenroth. Seated in front: A. Robertson, W. Yare and R. G. Willows. The H.A.C. won this match, at Harboro, by 18 runs—and no one on either side made any outstanding score



THE STRAGGLERS OF ASIA XI

Holloway

The names are (seated): L. H. Gilbert, Lt.-Col. O. L. Mathias, R. C. R. Cumming, (Captain), R. F. Garraons-Williams, and R. K. M. Saker. Standing: Captain V. H. Wells Cole, Captain S. G. Skene, R. E. Goodwin, J. E. F. Linton, R. A. Gourley and D. Carroll

Whilst the big matches in London and the counties have been monopolising most of the recent limelight, the more restful side of the game has been carrying on elsewhere—and a great many of us get more fun out of what is called country-house cricket than out of the more ambitious side of it. The oldest regiment in the British Army, the H.A.C., continuing their tour, took tea with the Gentlemen of Leicestershire, but won by 18 runs only. "The Stragglers of Asia" v. The Northamptonshire Regiment was the last match of the regimental cricket week and was a draw, as rain washed the second day out. In their first knock the Northants Regiment got 365 for nine; Col. W. D. Barber, 153. "The Stragglers of Asia" have risen as a club in a quite meteoric fashion. About four years ago, Captain A. St. G. Coldwell, when on leave, met ten friends who had seen service with him in Lahore. Since that time the club has steadily grown and there are now over 270 members, including Major A. Coldwell, the founder's brother, and about a dozen others at the Depot. A year's service east of Suez is one of the necessary qualifications.



THE NORTHAMPTON REGIMENT XI

Holloway

The names are (left to right), seated: Captain W. G. Furminger, Captain A. St. G. Coldwell, Lt.-Col. W. D. Barber, Lt.-Col. M. A. Green (Captain) and Major W. G. A. Coldwell. Standing: P. Welsh (Umpire), J. Draycott, T. Loveland, Lieut. C. J. M. Watts, R. Q. M. S. Venes, R. Brown and G. Smith



THE ACROBATS, 1932

Dennis Mass

The names are, back row, standing (left to right): Tenty (Umpire), A. Chrystal, C. E. Dixon, A. G. G. Gilbertson, E. Grindale, W. S. Miles. Seated: E. G. S. Smallwood, A. A. Best, L. E. W. Williams (Captain), R. A. Byass, R. L. Bristowe. On ground: R. J. Norbury, J. Forsyth-Forrest

WHEN ETON PLAYED HARROW



LORD AND LADY CHOLMONDELEY ESCORTED
BY THEIR ETONIAN SON, LORD ROCKSAVAGE



LADY DELAMERE
HAILS A TAXI



WATCHERS AT THE GATE

Lord Salisbury and his daughter, Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, playing a waiting game at Lord's, where appointments for meeting friends do not always materialize with absolute punctuality. Lord Salisbury was at Eton in the seventies



PLEASED TO MEET YOU

Mr. John Loder and the Hon. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton provide the camera with a good target at the Eton and Harrow match. Mr. Loder (Eton and Sandhurst) is one of the few English film stars who have made a real hit in Hollywood. At the moment he is one of London's biggest social successes

And so Harrow is still sadly asking "How long, O Lord's, how long?" They certainly deserved to win this year, and even the most ardent supporters of Eton, several of whom appear here, would not have grudged them a well-overdue victory. Lord Rocksavage was paying his first visit to Lord's, he having only just reached public school age. Many people looked hot and bothered; not so Lady Delamere, who, however, left fairly early



MISS SHAUGHNESSY AND HER
FIANCÉ, LORD GRENFELL



CAPTAIN THE HON. WILLIAM JOLLIFFE WITH
LADY ROSABELLE BRAND AND HER SON

Robin Brand is a step-brother of that particularly popular young person, Miss Rose Bingham. Captain Jolliffe married Lady Perdita Asquith last year. Miss Betty Shaughnessy (see left), whose engagement to Lord Grenfell was announced in May, is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy and of the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh



ABOARD LORD STALBRIDGE'S "CETONIA" IN DUN LAOGHAIRE (KINGSTOWN) HARBOUR

In this group are T. B. Cullinan, the steeplechase jockey, the Hon. Gilbert Grosvenor, Lord Stalbridge and Miss Diana Lindner
Poolie, Dublin

SOME FRIENDS OF YOURS —AND OF OURS!



MICHAEL BEARY "AT HOME" TO MR. TOM WALLS AND MR. SYDNEY MACGREGOR



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOXING CLUB

R. S. Crisp.

Names (left to right): Back, standing: M. R. Pitts (St. Catharine's), F. W. Obeyesekere (Trinity), R. J. Hignell (Trinity) and one unnamed. Second row, standing: R. Ross (St. John's), D. R. N. Brown (St. Catharine's), W. D. Dunn (Clare), A. G. Sharpe (Clare), C. D. E. Fairfield (Caius), D. A. Obeyesekere (Emmanuel), E. F. Parker (Emmanuel), Front Row (sitting): T. Burrows (Caius College), G. A. Clandon (St. Catharine's), F. D. O'Dwyer (Jesus), P. J. Macdonald (Magdalene, Capt.), W. Child (Boxing Instructor, Amateur Middleweight Champion 1908, 1909, and 1911), F. J. Oppenheimer (Jesus, Hon. Sec.), J. P. Cowan (St. Catharine's), S. W. Dassenaike (Emmanuel)

An interesting "bag" of pictures of people so many of us know. Lord Stalbridge was over in Ireland to buy horses before the 100% duty went on. If he brings it off in time, well and good; if he does not, he is going to race anything he may get in Ireland, till the duty comes off, which presumably will be when Mr. De Valera thinks again! The *Cetonia* is a three-masted schooner, and the fondness of the hard-riding ex-Master of the Fernie for adventure in the deep seas is well known. The Hon. Gilbert Grosvenor is his brother and heir presumptive, and Miss Lindner is the daughter of Colonel Lindner, of Worcester. Cullinan, who rides for Lord Stalbridge, won the 1930 Grand National on Mr. W. H. Midwood's Shaun Gollin. Michael Beary's first guests at the charming old country house he has bought at Westley, near Newmarket, were the joint owners of the Derby winner, April the Fifth, whom Beary did his best to beat on Dastur. He says he will beat April the Fifth, in the Leger, on the Aga Khan's Udaipur. The Cambridge boxing team was taken while it was tuning up for its encounter with Oxford

Bubble and Squeak



"THE LUMBERERS": AND TIMBER FROM CASTLE BLAISE, NEAR BRISTOL

A perfectly charming and quite unposed picture of some honest British workmen, who, if they could speak, would have said something about another little drink doing no one any harm. Lumber-men are busy removing fallen timber from the woods round Blaise Castle, Henbury, near Bristol. The castle and grounds have been acquired by the Bristol Corporation for the benefit of the public

A LITTLE boy had been very rude to his mother, and had been sent to his bed-room as a punishment. After a time his father went to see what he was doing, and found him writing a letter.

"Is that a letter to Mummy saying you're sorry?" said the culprit's father.

"If you must know," was the reply, "I'm writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury to get a divorce from both of you."

An agitator was walking in a park one day when he saw a clergyman sitting reading on one of the seats. Going up to him he shouted, "I don't believe in your Heaven."

The clergyman took no notice. "Do you hear me," shouted the agitator; "I said I didn't believe in your Heaven."

The clergyman looked up. "Well," he said very quietly, "go to the other place, and don't make so much noise about it."

An nouveau-riche entered a restaurant and said to a waiter: "Where can I get a wash?"

"A wash, Sir?" repeated the waiter.

"Yes, yes," said the man of wealth. "A wash. How many times do you want me to repeat myself?"

"Well, Sir," said the waiter, "the toilet saloon is in the basement. You will see a notice on the door: 'Gentlemen Only,' but don't let that stop you."

Jones minor was watching the school cricket match and endeavouring to explain points to his mother.

"That's Tompkins bowling at this end, Mother," he said. "You know, he took three wickets for six at the last match."

"Did he really!" was the reply. "What a dreadful thing to be so short-sighted at his age."

The parish magazine contained a paragraph thanking donors for gifts to the forthcoming bazaar. After setting forth a list of articles and the names of those who had presented them, the announcement ended: "And we wish to thank two anonymous friends for presents of cutlery and napery. These ladies or gentlemen prefer to make themselves known only by their initials, which are L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. respectively."

It was the first dinner-party since the new maid had been in the house. When all the final arrangements had been made, the lady of the house said to Bridget:

"I want you to be ready at seven o'clock to call all the guests' names as they arrive."

Bridget looked puzzled. "Yes, Ma'am," she replied, "but do I call them anything that comes into me 'ead?"

A swollen-headed young actor was told that an interviewer wanted to see him. He gave the visitor full particulars of his new contract, mentioning an enormous weekly sum as the salary he had been persuaded to accept.

"And what paper do you represent?" he asked, when the man had written down all the details.

"No paper," was the cheerful reply, "I represent the income tax commissioners."

The husband was lecturing his wife on the failings of women. He pointed out that they were extravagant, dishonest, and a number of other uncomplimentary things besides.

"Do you know," he said, "that out of every hundred persons fined for travelling without a ticket, eighty-five are women."

"There you are!" cried his wife triumphantly, "that proves that women are more economical than men."



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WHO'S FOR A DIP?—AT LITTLEWIDE GREEN

A group taken all on a summer's day at the swimming-pool at Wayside, Littlewide Green. Included in the picture are the Hon. Evan Morgan (Lord Tredegar's son), the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan (who was Miss Lois Sturt), Count Borch, Commander Branson, the Hon. John Pepys (a brother of Lord Cottenham), Miss Isla Bevan (who is playing a leading part in "Dangerous Corner"), and Mrs. Rex Colclough.

THE late Captain Sutherland, whose picture appears on this page, was the world's greatest elephant-hunter, having brought down with his own rifle more than 600 bull elephants single-handed. A cable received by his sister, in Barrow-in-Furness, from the Governor of Wau in the Southern Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, stated that his death was due to heart failure, but this, it is said, was, without doubt, the result of poisoning by treacherous natives over two years ago. What the poison was no one seems to know exactly, but it seems to be possible that it might be antimony or one of its derivatives—but one never knows, because the world of the East knows such a lot more about these things than we do. The

Borgias were children in this art compared to any Eastern operator.

Captain Sutherland was reputed to have a more intimate knowledge of Eastern and Central Africa than any other living man, and did much valuable work for the Royal Geographical Society. His understanding of the natives and German East African territory proved invaluable during the British operations there against the Germans. At the outbreak of war in 1914, a large price was put on his head, and only by forest marches day and night was he able to reach the safety of a British post. He was Chief Intelligence



THE LATE CAPTAIN JAMES SUTHERLAND. F.R.G.S.

The world's mightiest elephant and big game-hunter, news of whose death in the Southern Sudan was received last week. It is said that Captain Sutherland died from heart failure, but it was undoubtedly the after-effects of poisoning by some treacherous natives over two years ago. The matter is referred to in these notes by "Sabretache"

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

Officer to General Northey's forces operating in German East Africa until the end of the War. For thirty-eight years he tracked and shot elephants and had not the slightest wish to give up his adventurous life. He died on his last hunt—the kind of end possibly so gallant a man would have desired.

THE intriguing news of the discovery of the £12,000,000 buried treasure of Captain Graham, the pirate, who was once a naval officer, and who was undoubtedly an operator on the grand scale, is yet another nail in the coffin of a figure usually named when we talk about these picturesque scourges of the high seas. The gentleman referred to, of course, is Captain William Kidd. By most of us, his is the name which springs readiest to the lips when the word "pirate" is mentioned.

It was never proved, however, that Kidd was a pirate at all, and the charge upon which he was convicted at the Old Bailey, and subsequently hanged in old Newgate Prison, was, "being moved and seduced by the instigations of the Devil, he did make an assault on and upon William Moore upon the high seas with a certain wooden bucket, bound with iron hoops, of the value of eighteenpence, giving the said William Moore one mortal bruise of which the aforesaid William Moore did languish and die."

Piracy was only brought in as a rider after Kidd had been found guilty and condemned to death. William Moore was Kidd's gunner, in a crew made up of the off-scourings of the earth, in the ship *Adventure*, in which he was commissioned by William III. to extirpate some notorious pirates and at the same time to deal with any French ships with which he might fall in. Kidd sailed under Letters of Marque, plus the Royal Commission, and he was never a *de facto* pirate. He fell in with two ships of the Great Moghul which had

provided themselves with "Safe Conducts" from the French, and he dealt with them according to his orders. It was not an act of piracy, but merely that which all the privateers of his time (1696) did. He suffered for purely political reasons, and because he was the friend of Lord Chancellor Somers. Kidd never got any treasure. Graham, on the other hand, whose hoard has just been located, by Colonel Leckie and Mr. W. S. Clayton, in the Cocos, was an undoubted gentleman of the profession. He was not in quite the same class, where the ferocity and cruelty were concerned, with the pirate who really deserves to be placed first. This was one Edward Teach, called "Blackbeard," who was a most blood-thirsty scoundrel, and whose one idea was plunder and murder. Israel Hands, immortalised by Stevenson in *Treasure Island*, was his gunner, and, by way of keeping him in his place, Teach invited him into his cabin to have a noggin of rum; then, blowing out both the candles, let fly with two pistols under the table, getting Hands in the knee with one ball and laming him for life. "Blackbeard" considered this as one of his best efforts at humour, and the right way to keep "rogues from a-plotting," to quote some words from his carefully-kept diary!

(Continued on page viii)



AT THE HEATHERDEN COUNTRY CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Davies, who are both well known in the world of sport: he is a Rugger International and Captain of the Harlequins, and Mrs. Davies is the recent winner of the Sussex Ladies' Golf Championship—for the third time—and is Sussex's next year's captain. Heatherden is the late Colonel Grant Morden's old house near Iwer

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THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE: LORD GORELL
AND MR. W. L. RUNCIMAN

The Chairman of the R.A.C. presenting the Challenge Trophy for the highest speed of a privately owned plane in the King's Cup Air Race. Mr. Runciman finished third in the race, in his own Puss Moth, finishing the course in 9 hours 39 min. 5 sec.

SOMEHOW the arrangements of the King's Cup Air Race and the Lord Mayor's Procession became confused this year. From a few minutes after the start of the King's Cup race, when it was apparent that Captain Hope was doing about 12 miles an hour faster than the handicappers had expected, there was no further doubt about the winner, and those at Brooklands would have made better use of the fine weather if they had gone away to the seaside. To remain on an almost shadeless aerodrome for two days, with the sun at its sunniest, in order to listen to the rasping of loud-speakers giving out figures which were as tedious as a twice-told tale, is neither instructive nor entertaining.

Unless drastic revision in the method of running this race is made, there is little point in holding it. At the present moment it has become not a race between aircraft, but a contest between aircraft and handicappers. And of all the competitors, the handicappers are the most severely handicapped. For weeks, perhaps months, before the event the game of putting the handicappers off the scent is played. Some play it more thoroughly than others, and they have the greater chance of success. It is played with ludicrous earnestness, and, when a pilot learns that his handicap time is such that he knows he has a very good chance of winning, he will be observed on the eve of the race going about with an expression best described in Mr. Churchill's altogether inexcusable phrase as one of "insipidated gloom." It is not the fault of the pilots that this should be so; it is the result of the conditions which make such devices necessary.

The Results.

When there are full data about the aircraft, Captain Dancy and Mr. Rowarth can place them as perfectly as human ingenuity can devise, and they have, in fact, provided some exceedingly close finishes in previous King's Cup races. But when, as this year, many of the machines and engines are new, they cannot be expected to do the same, for their data are insufficient.

In the event Flight-Lieut. Fielden, in the Prince of Wales's Comper Swift with Gipsy engine, did wonderfully well and put up a really high speed. There was, however, never any chance of his catching Captain Hope. And at the finish he performed the now celebrated act—without which no air race is complete—of crossing the

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

aerodrome outside the arrows marking the extremities of the finishing line. Fortunately it did not cost him his place. No praise can be too high for the flying of both Captain Hope and Flight-Lieut. Fielden. Captain Hope has affirmed his already great reputation as a pilot who never makes mistakes.

After the Prince's machine came Mr. W. L. Runciman (who also won the Siddeley Trophy as the Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club's pilot) and Mr. A. C. S. Irwin in their Puss Moths. Their average speed of 129 m.p.h. for the 1233 miles constituted strong testimony to the accuracy of their pilotage. Captain Broad was fifth, having succeeded in getting more than 131 m.p.h. out of his machine, a Gipsy III. EX Moth entered by Lord Wakefield. So far as actual flying and racing tactics were concerned, Captain Broad put up perhaps the best performance in the race, for he had nothing to give away.

Lieut.-Commander G. Rodd, who was sixth, averaged 128.25 m.p.h. in his Puss Moth. I had expected him to win; but I had not reckoned with the large speed margins of the leaders. Lord M. A. Douglas-Hamilton was next in his Gipsy Moth, a really good performance and one which argues accurate flying over the entire course. Flight-Lieut. Hattersley was next, and then Flying-Officer E. C. T. Edwards in the interesting Arrow Active. The Arrow Active's speed was 136.25 m.p.h. Mr. Styran, in a Comper Swift like the Prince's, had a forced landing and also missed the line at the finish, with the result that, from third place, which he seemed like occupying at the beginning, he fell to eleventh.

A Suggestion.

And now I want to make a constructive suggestion for the King's Cup race next year. It is clear that the race must be turned into a race once more, and that the contingency of new types being much faster than the handicappers think must be taken into



AT HELIOPOLIS:
LADY CLAYTON-EAST

At the new Heliopolis Aerodrome. This was taken just before Lady Clayton-East left for home with her husband, Sir Robert Clayton-East, after their search for the lost oasis in the Libyan Desert.



AT HESTON: GENERAL BALBO AND SIGNOR MAMELI

The Italian Air Minister, the famous General Balbo, and Signor Mameli were snapped just before General Balbo's return to Rome. General Balbo is one of the few Air Ministers who is himself a pilot, and a very skilful one at that.

account—otherwise there is no object in running a handicap event at all. I therefore propose that the handicappers in future years should have the right to order that any aircraft of which they do not have what they believe to be sufficient data should be put over a speed course, with an independent pilot at the controls. In this way Captain Dancy and Mr. Rowarth could satisfy themselves that they are not greatly either under- or over-estimating any machine's speed. Instances such as that of the Fox Moth and the Avro Mailplane could not occur.

The only alternative proposal is the holding of an eliminating contest on the day before the race itself. This has something to recommend it, but would be likely to split up the interest. The use of a speed course would be necessary

(Continued on page 31)

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JULY, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

<p>21st Racing. Liverpool, Lanark and Curragh Meetings. Shows. Royal Welsh Agric. Society, Llandrindod Wells. Horse & Foxhound. Clonmel, I.F.S.</p> <p>22nd Racing. Liverpool, Hurst Park and Bogside Meetings. Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds. Royal Welsh Agric. Soc., Llandrindod Wells.</p> <p>23rd Racing. Hurst Park, Bogside and Duntalk Meetings. Polo. Lawson Cup Final, Roehampton. Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds. Cricket. Scotland v. All India, Edinburgh. Surrey v. Kent, Oval.</p> <p>25th Cricket. Clifton v. Tonbridge (2 days), Lord's. Motor Boating. Motor Week commences, Southampton. Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C., Ryde.</p> <p>26th Racing. Goodwood. Cricket. Clifton v. Tonbridge, Lord's. Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds.</p>	<p>27th Racing. Goodwood. Cricket. Rugby v. Marlborough (2 days) Lord's. Test Trial Match, Cardiff. Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds.</p> <p>28th Racing. Goodwood, Worcester & Galway Meetings. Shows. Royal Lancashire Agric. Soc., Preston. Yachting. Royal Albert Y.C., Southsea.</p> <p>29th Racing. Goodwood, Catterick Bridge & Tuam Meetings. Shows. Royal Lancashire Agric. Soc., Preston. Motoring. Irish Grand Prix.</p> <p>30th Racing. Alexandra Park, Catterick Bridge, Chepstow Meetings. Shows. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. Royal Lancashire Agric. Soc., Preston. Yachting. Royal Regatta Week, Cowes. Cricket. Glamorgan v. All India, Swansea.</p> <p>31st Gun and Game Licences renewable. Olympic Games commence, Los Angeles, U.S.A.</p>
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PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Messing About the West.

"Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!" . . . "I confess that at these words a shudder passed through me." It was after lunch on Dartmoor. The great undulating hills of green were soporific in their peace; the unpretentious outlines of the prison in the distance were rather pleasant than otherwise in their suggestion that there was at least one place in the country that was neither "for sale" nor "to let." The chicken and the strawberries and the Cornish cream and the dry cyder had been alike excellent. Upon a well-satisfied appetite there supervened thoughts of Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville and Barrymore. And these were well under way when my gigantic chow-chow planted his paws upon my ill-protected tummy, thus causing the shudder to which I have ventured to refer. I don't think I have told you, though I meant to, that in garb, if not in intention, I have become a "hiker." As your Uncle Stalky might have said, "'Pon my

And these were well under way when my gigantic chow-chow planted his paws upon my ill-protected tummy, thus causing the shudder to which I have ventured to refer. I don't think I have told you, though I meant to, that in garb, if not in intention, I have become a "hiker." As your Uncle Stalky might have said, "'Pon my

picture. So I acquired a pair of khaki-drill knickers, only just big enough for decency (and I'm no boaster), and an open-fronted shirt—and that's almost all. And very jolly and comfortable I felt, except that some remnants of self-consciousness gave me a premature sunburn. I thought that the locals were rather admiring my manly, stalwart figure, until it dawned on me that my inner undies (if you gather what I mean) were an inch longer than my outer and absurd integuments—Lord! it doesn't take much to amuse the girls—and dammit, here was visible proof that I was obeying the conventions to an extent blooming sight more than some of the hikers do if my keen binoculars are to be trusted. So Mrs. P. V.'s maid had to sit up half the night taking reefs in the Celanese, whilst I tumbled and swore the whole night through by reason of my inflammatory legs. I take my oath I could have lit a cigarette at my knee. And it didn't help a bit to know that 2 sq. ft. of Mrs. P. V.'s immaculate back were in like condition. Next morning I couldn't endure the touch of a stocking, so I went on with my giddy martyrdom, and ended by



AT THE SCOTTISH TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

A group taken at Peebles Hydro last week at the Scottish Tennis Championships. Among the important events decided on that day were the finals of the Boys' Championship and the International between Scotland and England. This International group includes W. A. R. Collins, Miss M. Langmuir, E. R. Avory, Miss N. M. Lyle, V. A. Wood, Miss W. A. Mason, R. J. Ritchie, Miss E. M. Dearman, I. G. Collins, H. F. David, A. W. Hill, and K. C. Gandar Dower

J. Smith

enjoying it, as I guess most martyrs do. There is a curiously penetrative power about the Cornish sun. It makes me wonder whether human skin, done up in nice little rolls and properly labelled, would be a marketable commodity. Now that I have suffered and enjoyed liberty from the tyranny of trousers and "plus-fours" I marvel that so many women adopt the very reverse mode, cheerfully donning the very things that it is such a delight (after the first day or two!) for us to doff. Why, even in godly St. Ives they were going about in py-jamas—St. Ives, mark you, which is so holy that when a cruiser pays it a visit and is open to public inspection on

the Sabbath, not a boat can be found to take one aboard. You bet the *matelots* of the *Exeter* just loved St. Ives. For my own part I know this funny little grey town well—I love to stay there for its air and its views, and then I love, too, to get out of it, which is not so easy because the streets are so infernally narrow and so many people park their cars in such ill-considered places. Also some devil scraped cellulose off the wing of my 20 Armstrong. But my! what mince-meat the self-change gear made of the Cornish and Devonian pimples! This was all the more noticeable because, for some reason that I am entirely unable to fathom, so many "holiday motorists" at this time of year who have no knowledge of gear-changing in the ordinary way, will persist in tackling *terrain* in which you often have to be quite distinctly nippy with the lever. I doubt if I ever went out without seeing two or three cars in difficulties, just because their drivers did not know how to tackle steep gradients. One poor pilgrim I tried to help, but that mournful affair ended in my foot slipping so that I sat with great velocity upon my coccyx. Thenceforward I decided not to interfere. But frankly I would represent the desirability of those setting out for parts which are brown on the map to make themselves a bit more familiar with the down-change. And a little more knowledge of hand-brake control would not be amiss. One glorious piece of driving I saw which deserved to be immortalized—though I am ashamed to say I was content to be a Gallioesque spectator. In self-defence let me assert that the ladies did not look as though they would be grateful for help and, besides, they

(Continued on p. x)



Seate

SHAFTESBURY SCHOOL'S OLD AND NEW HEADS

Dr. C. H. Tovey, the retiring Head Master, and Mr. R. B. Minchin, the Head Master elect, going out to open the innings of the Shaftesbury Masters' XI on the occasion of their last home match. On Monday, July 4, Dr. Tovey received the Freedom of the Ancient Borough of Shaftesbury, Dorset, and he is retiring after twenty-five years' service to the school

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday


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ALL PRECAUTIONS

By DUDLEY HOYS

VINE and Emfield used to laugh when they read newspaper accounts of their smash-and-grab raids. But one thing rather offended Emfield's professional pride. There was invariably some reference to "sheer audacity," as if the reported raid had been just a blend of impulse and physical quickness.

It was nothing of the sort. They planned and plotted with the tactics of a field-marshal, and rehearsed with the patient care of a theatrical producer.

"Don't these fellows realize," Emfield would say, "that it means weeks of scheming to pull off a job that takes ten seconds?"

And Vine would grin, and shrug his narrow shoulders, and suck at his eternal cigarette.

Vine had no belief in unproductive pondering. Unlike Emfield, he never bothered to wonder why the London police failed to appreciate that many of the raids were the work of the one pair of bandits. But give him a profitable objective, and his wiry body and keen brain would tune up to the racing pitch of the cars he drove.

Such an objective was provided by a gossip writer in a popular morning paper—of all people. Vine saw the paragraph first. It was headed—

A LINK WITH THE PAST

While in the West End, yesterday (it ran), I happened to pass the famous old jeweller's shop owned by Mr. Andrew Taplin, the third head of the business founded by Mr. Taplin's grandfather in 1799. Here came such notable customers as the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Franz Josef, the Empress Eugénie of France, and many of our own Royalty. The shop still retains its old-world atmosphere and enjoys the patronage of the exclusive. Mr. Taplin, a hale and hearty old gentleman of seventy-eight, presides daily in his shop, and with his frock-coat reminiscent of the Victorian era and his wealth of white hair and side-whiskers, he might be mistaken for some Ruritanian Ambassador.

Vine handed the paper to Emfield, and said: "A glimmer. If the old boy's as old-fashioned in his methods as the rest of the doings—why not?"

Emfield, big and bronzed, with the aspect of a successful colonial farmer, stretched out for the telephone directory.

"Taphet—Tapirion—Tapkins—rum names you get in this, don't you? Here we are—Taplin, Andrew, 5, Taunton Street. That's somewhere round Old Bond Street, isn't it? Well, he's on the 'phone, at any rate. Might be modern in his protection: steel grilles, electric door, and so on. But we'll nose round."

Vine touched his forehead in nautical fashion.

"Ay, ay, sir."

They nosed round in their own discreet way. Certainly the position of the shop was excellent for their purposes. Taunton Street had a quiet exclusiveness that invited no strangers. Ten yards from the shop, and on the same side, was a straight and narrow alley that led into another quiet street where a car could be driven off at top speed at any moment without fear of obstruction.

"Out of the shop, down the alley, off in the Lanier—seventeen seconds," calculated Vine.

"I reckon twenty," said Emfield, "but I might cut it down with practice."

Having considered the line of retirement first, like all wise generals, they turned their attention to the problems of the advance. After four days of discreet inquiry, Vine had tabulated a neat little summary of information on a slip of paper:

- (1) Taplin arrives promptly at ten every morning. He is a real old geezer.
- (2) In the shop itself there is only one assistant, a fat man named Lane, age about forty.
- (3) There is a commissionaire outside named John Dellar.
- (4) There is no electric door.

Emfield pondered over these items, and said: "Lane will have to be out of the way."

"A 'phone message from a big bug, asking for a representative to call at some hotel?"

"Yes, good enough. But Dellar—h'm. Find out where he lives, if he's married, and if he has any children."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Two days later there was an addition to item No. 3: Lives at 17, Sidley Street, Borough. Is married. Has two children, John, aged nine, and Ivy, aged eleven.

Emfield said: "Now we're ready for rehearsals."

In an unfrequented dip of a common not far out of London they held solemn practice raids. Sticks were pushed into the ground to mark the area of the shop, the doorway, the short bit of Taunton Street, and the alley. Over and over again Emfield seized an imaginary tray of rings, dashed out of the shop, round the corner, and down the alley, while Vine timed him and offered critical corrections.

"You'd have slipped there. . . . You'd have bumped into the wall. . . . Have to get some new rubber heels. It's a sharp angle. You're still taking nineteen seconds."

"I'll get it down to seventeen," said Emfield earnestly.

And he did. He rehearsed until he could have made that dash, accurately to the inch, with his eyes shut. They were then able to appoint the time and date for their performance—10.45 a.m. on the 9th.

Soon after ten o'clock on that day Vine walked into the Olympian Hotel. He was well and soberly dressed, and the white powdering on his hair and the short beard he wore gave him an indefinable air of distinction. He went to the telephone and called up the shop of Mr. Andrew Taplin. He spoke with a slight accent.

"This is Count Maradi-Peros, speaking from the Olympian Hotel. I require some pearls to match a pink pearl necklace I have here. Would you send a representative to inspect the necklace? If it is his opinion that it can be matched, he may take it away with him. . . . Yes. At once. I should be greatly obliged. I am extremely busy, as I am returning to Vienna in a few days. . . . Thank you."

Beckoning a waiter, he gave the man a half-crown.

"I am expecting a representative of Mr. Andrew Taplin. My name is Count Maradi-Peros. Kindly show the gentleman into this lounge when he arrives."

"Certainly, sir," said the bowing waiter.

Vine sat down and lit a cigar. The message to the waiter had been advisable, in case Taplin should be cautious enough to 'phone the Olympian.

He puffed at his cigar for a while, started walking up and down as if awaiting the arrival of somebody, strolled through towards the cloak-room, slipped through a swing door, hurried down a side street, and drove off in his Lanier.

"Jam," he said, grinning, and removed the beard.

He reached the alley off Taunton Street in time to witness two satisfactory developments—Lane setting off from the shop and a telegraph boy cycling up.

The telegram was for John Dellar. It had been sent off from the Borough, and it ran, "Come at once, accident to Ivy."

Those few words drained away all the commissionaire's majesty. He waved the buff form under his employer's nose. His eyes were staring. He said:

"Oh, sir, can you let me off? My poor little girl!"

Mr. Taplin adjusted his spectacles and read the telegram.

"Dear, dear, I am sorry to learn of this, Dellar, very sorry. I sincerely trust the accident is not serious."

"She was all right when I left, sir," said the agitated Dellar; "she was just off to school."

"Then it must be a street accident, I fear. Don't upset yourself unduly, Dellar. It may not be so serious as you imagine. The sight of a telegram is always apt to give one an exaggerated dismay. Yes, yes, of course you may go, and let us trust that your daughter's injury is of the slightest." He patted the commissionaire on the shoulder and smiled kindly. "Go, by all means, and let me know the news by telephone, will you not?"

"Yes, sir, thank you very much, sir," said Dellar, and almost ran out of the shop.

Emfield, strolling along Old Bond Street, saw the man come tearing past, and grinned to himself.

"Sorry to put the wind up you," he thought, "but I couldn't have you in the way during operations."

(Continued on p. vi)



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CRAVEN "A"

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EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME



The winner of the French Championship: Miss Diana Fishwick, whose inspired short game in the 36-holes final at Le Touquet overwhelmed Miss Gourlay by 4 and 3

VIVE LA FRANCE is the text this week. All accounts of the returned travellers are full of the kindness and hospitality showered upon them by everybody at St. Germain for the International match and of unstinted admiration for the magnificent new course at Le Touquet where the championship was played and won by Miss Diana Fishwick.

M. Durand, the president of St. Germain, evidently surpassed even himself as well as everything imaginable, in the matter of kindness; the dinner at St. Cloud Country Club was a

Pim ran down an immense number of long putts to account for Madame Vagliano. There was brilliant golf, too, it seems, from Miss Garnham. The 4th round saw what seems to have been the great match of the week, when Miss Gourlay beat Mrs. J. B. Watson 2 and 1.

Thrills abounded. Miss Gourlay was 3 up at the 11th, and then Mrs. Watson turned on just the sort of spectacular golf which had won her four Scottish championships, and will probably win her many more. At the 12th she put a brassie practically dead after missing her second; lost the 13th because Miss Gourlay did likewise in the brassie matter from the tee, but won the 14th and 15th in three apiece, putting iron 2nds dead for her eagle 3's, although Miss Gourlay had her birdie 4's at both of them. At the 16th Mrs. Watson had another grand brassie shot, against the strong wind, to within 2 yards of the pin, but this time Miss Gourlay holed a 6-yard putt for a 4; Mrs. Watson's putt stayed out, and there was only a half. Miss Gourlay won the 17th, and so that was that. Both of them had taken the last eight holes of the match in 34.

Just about then Miss Diana Fishwick began to show real signs of adding a French Championship to her Open of three years ago, for she fell on Miss Garnham, holed putts from all over the place, and had hit the ball only 73 times when she had won on the 17th green.

In the semi-finals, Miss Gourlay had a very desperate time against Miss Pim, square at the turn, square with 2 to go, dormy 1 to Miss Gourlay, and only won her match by dint of getting down in one putt at the 18th. Miss Fishwick was still working up to the heights, Miss Diana Esmond seemed to be slowly sliding from them, and the younger Diana won by 3 and 2. The final started with Miss Gourlay having the lead, but her putts would not go, whereas Miss Fishwick had the touch of the greens, both with the chips and putts, to perfection. By the end of the morning round Miss Fishwick was 4 up, round in 75, and eight times down in 1 putt—hot enough going in all conscience. She added another hole immediately after



At Le Touquet for the French Championship: Miss Gourlay (runner-up) and Miss Lulu Esmond, the youngest of the popular Esmond sisters

glorious wind-up. Everybody seems to have played extremely well on both sides, to have admired the course, to have had the greatest confidence—as well they might—in their non-playing captain, Miss Huleatt. In fact, the third International match left little enough room for criticism. Some there always must be. A grand slam would have been pleasant, if only . . .

However, a truce to criticism and on to Le Touquet. There is always something a little bit different about a French championship; this one will be remembered because the draw was seeded, the eight thus honoured being Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss Gourlay, Mrs. Garon, Madame Vagliano, Miss Montgomery, Madame de Vilmorin, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Fishwick. Since five of them came through to the last eight, it is a truism to say that things went on the whole according to plan, though Miss Diana Esmond did her best to upset things by putting out Miss Montgomery so early in the proceedings, and her younger sister, Lulu, went even nearer by taking Miss Diana Fishwick to the last green. In fact this Miss Esmond—who looks as if she might win the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges this autumn—was 2 up at the 12th. The 13th is a short hole, and both were bunkered; Miss Fishwick proceeded from the bunker to a bush; but Miss Esmond, locked in the embrace of her bunker, only came out of it eventually to miss a holeable putt, and so to lose a match she should have won. Miss Fishwick is too good a golfer to be let off that way and not make the most of it, and so she got home. But one imagines, though nobody has put it into words, that she may well have been a trifle hot and bothered. The two who never looked like losing that afternoon were Mrs. Watson and Miss Gourlay, both playing magnificently, both going out in 38. The next round said goodbye to two of the seeded ones, for Mrs. Garon drove too poorly and Miss White putted too well for anybody but Miss White to win; and Miss

lunch, and soon, almost unplayable places in the rough, many 3 putts, and even a sickly socket were crowding in upon Miss Gourlay. She could not stand against such things, and Miss Fishwick, keeping up her wonderful short game, won by 4 and 3.

Well, well, thus are the critics confounded who thought Formby was a flash in the pan for her.



Mrs. Mackenzie, the captain of West Middlesex, who has celebrated her first year of office by holing her tee shot twice in two months. The first time was at the 9th on her home course, and the second at the 17th at Fulwell (second course), when she had already won the match, a Pearson Trophy one, by 7 and 6

Mr Can't | Mr Can



Missed it again! Poor Mr Can't! Up one day and down the next. No confidence. No poise. Why, he gets so wild with himself, it's a misery to play with him. "Off my game again!" he mutters, hoeing the turf with his mashie. Off his health is the real truth. Poisoned by neglected foodways. And like so many of us, won't recognise it—though it's spoiling his happiness and his temper and his game.



Bravo, Mr Can! That's another beauty. Dead on the pin all the way. How that man *has* got on! Of course, he's not exactly a Compston yet. But if sheer fitness can do the trick, Mr Can is in the running. You see, he believes in regularity—in his system as well as in his swing. Every morning he takes his Eno. And does it make a happier, healthier man of him—as well as a better golfer? Of course it does!



Play the game with your own system—take Eno regularly every morning. Cleaning and clearing your foodways of yesterday's waste, Eno keeps your bloodstream free from poisons—thus relieving the cause of irritability, heaviness, headaches, depression.



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

- 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6, in Great Britain and Northern Ireland
- The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

ADJUSTABLE backs are quite the last word in the domain of pull-overs for beach wear; they are often cut in a V and the hiatus filled in with a panel of a contrasting colour, zyp fastenings being used to hold them in position. They are seen in conjunction with trousers shorts as well as skirts. Another idea for the fashionable plagues is a white piqué corselet skirt and a shirt that is cut on the same lines as a man's; some button smartly up to the neck and others have soft collars. Extremists are wearing coatees of the mess jacket character with barrel-like elbow sleeves of a short-haired fur; at the neck there is a narrow band of fur. Particularly decorative are the jumpers made of tapestry yarns; they give the effect of petit point, the design being rather large; they have puff sleeves, a ribbed band at the waist, the neckline being cut in a V and finished with handkerchief revers or a Toby frill. The cummerbund has been revived and is used to introduce a telling touch of colour which may be repeated in the very softly draped collar



FASHIONS for women who shoot are well understood at Burberrys in the Haymarket, but before dwelling on these attention must be drawn to this firm's famous weatherproof overcoats; they are as suitable for wearing in summer as in winter, and in tropical as well as polar weathers. Among their manifold advantages are that they are light, windproof, rainproof, naturally ventilating, length of life well-nigh unending, and cost insignificant. In a booklet which will be sent gratis and post free an illustrated demonstration of the water-resisting properties of the proofed yarn from which the cloths are woven is shown. By the way, it must not be overlooked that the drier a Burberry is when put on the longer and more efficiently it will resist rain. There are Burberrys for men and children

EVERYTHING must be correct for the sportswoman, therefore Burberrys have designed and carried out the coats and suit pictured for the Glorious Twelfth; they would be equally appropriate for country wear in general. Illustrated at the top of the page is a tailored suit in brown and beige tweed which is in complete harmony with the colouring of the moors; it is provided with those clever devices that appeal to the sportswoman. As will be seen it stands alone, nevertheless it may be worn in conjunction with the travelling coat, which although warm is light. Furthermore, when the collar is turned up it is the very thing for wearing in a Gypsy Moth or other open plane. Again, it will be found invaluable when cruising or motoring. The ultra smart short coat on the left is of glove leather which has the appearance of antelope and is reinforced with patch pockets and zyp fastenings. A feature is likewise made in these salons of pullovers and other accessories that add to the comfort of the sports man and woman; the colour schemes are delightful

MODELS, BURBERRYS



Photograph by Shaw Wildman

MATITA

BRITISH MADE SPORTS CLOTHES

Miss Hilary Charles goes North. These mannish tweeds really demand a hundred acres of heather to give them their true and spacious quality. But it would take more than the close confines of a railway terminus to conceal the inimitable Matita line. And then notice that last fascinating travel touch—the severe stock and the jaunty pull-on hat.

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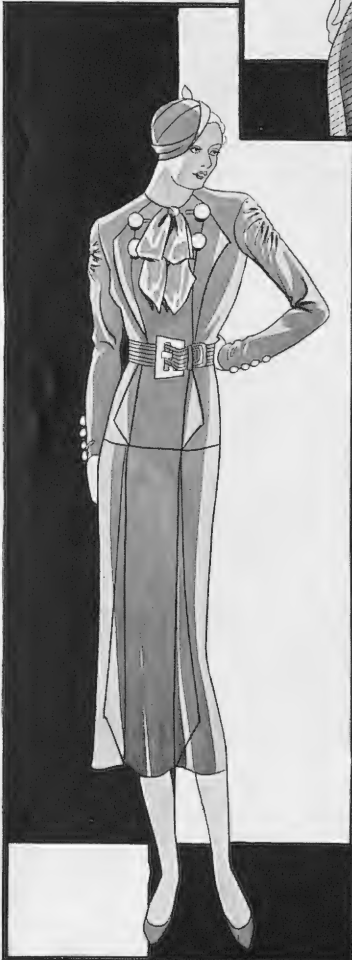
THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



A toll has been levied on many things in the cause of fashion. Matita, with a daring that is fully justified, have used knitted string for the blouse on the right; it is a study in blue, red, and beige, the sleeves are full until the elbows are reached, then they are tight fitting. The hat at the top of the page is likewise of string; there are many versions on this fashionable theme



The blouse on the left is not a revival but a Matita jumper that will be worn in the near future. The colour scheme is orange and blue and the materials string and wool, the three-tiered ruffle being an integral part of the scheme. It would look well with one of this firm's admirably tailored corselet skirts, in which many new features have been introduced



Jersey Rene Mat, a new wool fabric, makes the Matita tailored suit on the left. Among the many novel features is the sunray gathering on the upper part of the sleeves, the graduated double-breasted effect of the coat, and the artist's tie which completes the scheme. The model on the right is of tweed. Inserted motifs of a darker shade are introduced with the utmost discretion. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there is head-gear to harmonize with the suits. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Matita, 124, Great Portland Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent



Models, Matita



TWEEDS

and a little Fur Coat...

From a bewildering array of 'experimental' fashions only one emerges triumphant—the "Little Suit." Inimitably useful! It brings a simple sophistication to the Race-course.

MARGARET BARRY expresses the "Little Suit" in her own Tweeds... woven especially for her in Ireland and Scotland... Tweeds as soft as chiffon... as intriguing as any fabric that ever Paris conceived. Tweeds into which the Master Designer can breathe the trim magic of perfect LINE.

The chic impertinence of the Bretonne Sailor is worthy of note—as is also the original Blouse in Jersey.

CREATED BY

Margaret Barry LTD.

SPORTS CLOTHES: 64 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. BLOUSES: 42 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1. MILLINERY: 18 BROOK STREET, W.1.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Holiday Clothes.

The collection of holiday clothes at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, is so suitable and varied that a study of them is a perfect mental tonic. The cummerbund of the East has been revived: this gives the new high-waisted effect; it is stitched and finished with buttons; sometimes the ends are pointed and sometimes straight. This firm's version of the divided skirt is charming; it is so arranged that it is not until the wearer indulges in strenuous exercise that the bifurcation is noticeable. This idea is present in an ideal golf suit; there is the high corselet waist-line from which spring two braces; they pass over the shoulders and are attached to the skirt at the back; the jumper is of a jersey fabric that suggests fish net, the scheme being completed with a mustard-coloured coatee. There are two fabrics known by the amusing names of "crinkle" and "nobble." Many versions of the corselet skirt are represented, some with narrow belts, others innocent of them.

Fish Net and Crinkle Wool.

The crinkle wool material has been used by Fortnum and Mason for a promenade suit; the skirt is finished with a stitched cummerbund which is topped with a "sail" red fish net jersey with short sleeves; the hip length jacket begins its career double-breasted, when the waist is reached it is single-breasted. Cumberland homespun is used for many of the suits and wrap coats, and silk piqué for the tennis frocks. An entirely new golf coat is expressed in natural chamois leather; it is provided with a clever arrangement at the back which suggests a yoke composed of tiny tucks, and the cost—well, it is four guineas. In the ready-to-wear department there are well worth seeing tailored suits for 8½ and 9½ guineas; they are available in four sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches, and there is no charge for alterations. Jumpers are from 25s. to £5 5s., and felt hats to harmonize with the tweed suits are 39s. 6d.



Miss Corinne Griffiths, the well-known film star, in the picture above is wearing a Worth frock expressed in heavy emerald green crêpe with white polka dots, the buttons being arranged diagonally. Her dark blue frock on the right was also created by Worth; it has a white piqué blouse, collar, and cuffs. The buttoniere is composed of white and yellow piqué daisies and shaded blue cornflowers

and she will be pleased to give advice, sketches, and estimates for making up any length of material.

Beauty Defects Remedied.

Generally speaking, women do not give sufficient attention to the needs of the skin during the warm weather, and, as Suzanne Verdi (Mrs. Rosa Holloy), 44, Old Bond Street, declares, such neglect results in a state of affairs that causes much regret. Naturally, the Verdi Skin Food must be used regularly and in accordance with the instructions contained in the new beauty folder, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. In addition, the aid of the Sunproof Balm must be sought, as it overcomes and prevents sunburn and freckles. Then there is the rapid beautifier of dull, discoloured complexions; it is 6s. 6d., and it really is wonderful the good work it performs. All women who wish to own dark, luxuriant eyelashes and well-defined eyebrows must use the Verdi Eyelashine; it is 3s. 6d. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there is no fee for consultations or postal advice, and that there are special beautifying tuition treatments for 10s. 6d.

An Envelope, not a Corset.

A question that is frequently asked is what is Beautiform? Most assuredly it is not a corset—it really is an envelope for the body that gives full support and persuades all superfluous tissue to disappear; the movements of the figure are never handicapped. The creator of these unique garments is Madame Maud, 78, Baker Street, who has made a life-long study of the anatomy and hygiene of the figure. She is really endowed with clairvoyant powers in discovering the best points and making the most of them, any unsightly curves being banished. They are exceptionally comfortable and perform the work she claims for them, viz., reducing and improving not only the contour of the figure but the general poise. All interested in the subject who are unable to pay a visit to the establishment must



write for the illustrated booklet; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

A Sleeping Brassière.

Madame Maud believes that the figure requires support during the hours of rest. Therefore she has created and perfected a sleeping brassière; not only does it support the busts and prevent their spreading—there is not the slightest hint of compression—but it is remarkably kind to the shoulder blades. It is made of a new fabric that is porous, light, and pliant, and washes and wears extremely well; naturally it is innocent of bones.

Smock-frocks for the Warm Weather.

There is a smock-frock illustrated in Lilla's (7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.) catalogue that every one must make a point of seeing; the catalogue will be sent gratis and post free. It is suitable for morning wear when expressed in a tub fabric (price 21s.) or in fadeless chintz (42s.); when it is carried out in Duro crêpe (35s. 9d.) or crêpe de chine (84s.) it is just right for afternoon wear. Then there are smocks for children in figured and plain Duro fabrics; they are guaranteed fadeless, and wash and wear exceedingly well; they are likewise made in tussore and Macclesfield silks. Special quotations are made for school uniforms. Neither must it be overlooked that Lilla excels in remodelling,

Veritable
"4711"



True to the best traditions of the world's most famous Toilettry,

"4711" Eau de Cologne upholds the honour of its ancestry. Such genuine quality is beyond a mere price comparison—it cannot be identified with, nor is it even relative to, similar preparations having low cost as a solitary recommendation. "4711" Eau de Cologne is a deliciously refreshing Toilettry, chosen by those who insist upon the best and justifying that preference by its authenticity.



"4711" Eau de Cologne.

In convenient sizes for every purpose and at a wide range of prices from 2/6 to 52/6. The original shape at 4/9 and 8/9 and the small "watch shape" for the handbag at 2/6, are illustrated.

"4711" Toilettries.

"4711" Vanishing Cream (Milk-Cream) in tubes 1/- or jars 2/-. "4711" Cold Cream in tubes 1/- or jars at 10½d., 2/6 & 2/6. Sample tubes 6d.

These prices may vary in the Irish Free State.



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**DISTINCTIVE
HOLIDAY
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BLAIR (on left)

Plain-coloured ribbed Knitted Two-piece Suit with flared skirt and very becoming revers on coat. Finished with patent leather belt and metal buttons. S.W., W., O.S. In natural, nigger, grey, bracken, sultan, navy, sabara, orange - - **4 Gns.**

ROSS (on right)

Two-piece Cardigan Suit in fancy knit, finished with a hand-crochet border and flared skirt. S.W., W., and O.S. In black, Lavel blue, leaf green, bracken, burnt orange, chocolate, sabara and many other shades. **59/6**

Many other designs for Scotland, Country, Seaside and Sports wear, in a large range of colours and sizes.

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**So simple—
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My worries ceased as soon as I found the new Liquid Taky. I had tried every method of attaining clean hair-free limbs, so essential to personal daintiness. I was weary of the bothersome process so trying in my busy life. Just a dab with Liquid Taky solved my problem.

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You can obtain Taky either as a delicately perfumed cream or a crystal clear liquid. Crème Taky 1/3 & 1/6, Liquid Taky 2/6. If your dealer does not stock Taky, send 2/6 and we will send you post free our special Liquid and Crème outfit. Chas. Rogers Labs. Ltd., 15 Gt. James Street, W.C.1.

**SPORTING
PRINTS**

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

All Precautions

(Continued from p. 126)

Slowly he sauntered towards Taunton Street. He was wearing good clothes that did not quite fit his powerful figure, and he carried neither gloves nor stick. It would have been plain to the casual observer that he was more suited to an open shirt and breeches and wide lands.

He reached Taunton Street. There was a large woman in a fur coat looking into the window of an abominably expensive glove shop farther on. A boy of about fifteen was idling along with a bag in one hand and a lump of sweetstuff swelling his cheek below a bowler several sizes too large for him. Apart from these two the street was empty.

He glanced towards the alley. No sign of Vine. This meant that the coast was clear.

Emfield grinned again. "Shelling peas isn't in it."

But he did not make the mistake of being over-confident. Behind his genial, lazy manner, every nerve and muscle was keyed up to the sensitive readiness of a racehorse. Without the perfect blend of precaution and caution and daring he could never have carried out so many lightning raids.

He walked into the shop and drawled out "Good morning."

Old Taplin rubbed his hands and bowed. But he was not obsequious. He summed up the customer as a man of more money than breeding.

"Good morning, sir."

"Got any real good rings?"

The old eyebrows rose. "Our establishment, sir, stocks nothing but what is the best."

Emfield thought: "He's so old and shaky, I could knock him out with two fingers." Aloud he said: "Wal, that's O.K. I want a ring for my old woman. I wanta take it back



IN THE PARK: LADY MARY MANNINGHAM-BULLER AND LADY MARGARET ILLINGWORTH

Lady Mary Manningham-Buller and Lady Margaret Illingworth are sisters and are two of the five daughters of the Earl and Countess of Crawford. The son and heir is Lord Balmiel, who is the member for the Lonsdale Division of Lancashire

to Canada. I've got her measurement. Reckon I'll pay up to a thousand darllars for something real good in diamonds or emeralds."

"Permit me to show you a selection, sir," said old Taplin, and stooped shakily behind the dark and heavily-polished counter. At that moment it occurred to Emfield that he might easily knock the old man on the head, scoop what he liked, and clear off. But he resisted the temptation. Only the perfected plan could be perfectly safe.

Taplin creaked and straightened himself, and placed on the counter a tray of rings worth perhaps £2,000.

"Perhaps, sir, among these —"

"Yes," said Emfield, grabbed up the tray, and dived for the doorway in one movement.

As he dashed into the street he heard the old man shout in a quavering voice, and felt something light flick against his shoulder. Then, without any warning, his nostrils twitched, and he sneezed, sneezed convulsively, so that some of the rings were jerked from the tray.

He rushed for the alley, but he was sneezing, violently, and his eyes were streaming. His shoulder caught a corner of the wall and he staggered, and before he could swear another sneeze shook him from waist to head.

Half-a-dozen people had run out from neighbouring shops in response to the old man's shouts. They launched themselves at the raider, and Emfield made a desperate effort to recover lost seconds. But he could not achieve the humanly impossible and run at full speed while sneezes convulsed him. A hand from behind shoved him in the small of the back, and he pitched over, cursing, and was caught.

Old Taplin tottered up. He said: "I threw my snuff-box at the man."

The old-fashioned had beaten the modern.

Notes From Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, want to give fresh air and good food to a little girl, aged ten. The doctor is most anxious to get her away in the country for two months. She has been very ill and is still delicate and under-nourished. Her parents cannot afford to pay for this convalescence as the father is out of work, and they can barely make both ends meet. This child is the eldest of four. The Friends of the Poor need £5 to restore this child to health before she can re-start school in the autumn.

For the past seven years "His Master's Voice" has had the exclusive right of recording the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, and, wonderful as have been previous achievements, the efforts made this year have resulted in a triumphant reproduction of a great outdoor pageant. The real atmosphere of the inspiring spectacle has been faithfully captured, and not only are all the pomp and circumstance of the occasion vividly recalled, but the gramophone also creates the illusion that the listener is one of the 50,000 spectators. To obtain these two records now issued, miles of electric cable, connecting six microphones with the mobile recording outfit, were buried under the vast Rushmoor Arena, over which 5,000 troops and 1,000 bandmen manoeuvred. Wax impressions of the sound-waves were taken at each performance, and from over fifty such impressions portions were skillfully selected to be merged into a composite summary of the long programme.



WHILE PARENTS SLEEP

A "Party" in Hyde Park at which even something "Out of the Bottle" provided no "Escape" from baby's "Evensong." "Love's Labour's Lost" in fact



Miss Evelyn Laye

who appeared in the title role in "HELEN" at the Adelphi Theatre.

writes :

"I SHOULD find it quite exhausting at times to enact the moods and experiences of imaginary characters if it were not for the invigorating help Phosferine is to me. After even the most sustained performances, or the longest rehearsals, a dose or two of Phosferine banishes all the jaded and fatigued condition, and I feel as fresh and brisk as I could desire. I play tennis and golf quite a lot, and I am sure I am able to enjoy them so much, and can give the time to my recreations, because Phosferine seems to really rest the system, and ensures the extra nerve energy and strength to get the best out of work and pastime."

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From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

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Olympic Swimming Pool,
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MONTE CARLO BEACH

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 120

The fifth volume of that most excellent magazine, "The Hog Hunter's Annual," has now arrived in England, and copies can be had from the sole agent, whose address is Withington House, Andoversford, Gloucestershire. The editors are still Captain H. Nugent Head, late 4th Hussars, and Captain J. Scott-Cockburn, still a 4th Hussar, but at present doing a staff job in India. This latest issue of "The Hog Hunter's Annual" is even better than the other four volumes and is something more than just a record of the year's happenings where pig-sticking in India and other parts of the world is concerned, for it is a very interesting general magazine containing stories and articles about *shikar* in general and many other things not immediately connected with sport. For instance, there is "The Snake Lore of the Yogis," by Captain G. I. Hurst, a little experience which might make anyone feel that he wanted to look very carefully under his pillow and under his bed—even if he lives in such a comparatively snakeless country as England. In a snake country anyone who is not careful deserves to die! This is the life adventures of one Ganesh-nath of Jhansi, a snake expert, who had graduated at the Snake 'Varsity at Tilla, near Jhelum, the ancient Bucephala named after Alexander the Great's charger, the bull-headed buck-jumper, Bucephalus. I never knew there was such a place as a snake 'varsity—and I believed that I had read up and knew something, at any rate, about snakes and also India.

* * *

This weird Yogi—or magician as perhaps we might call him—was bitten pretty badly by a cobra when he was eighteen, and had been cured by a thing called a snake stone, which has a peculiar mouth-shaped

aperture. The way you get a snake stone is to catch a bull-frog or a six-legged lizard, and put them in a tin and roast them over a fire. They are then compelled to vomit up the stone which they have as a permanent adornment to their interiors. When the snake stone is placed on a cobra bite with its mouth or little opening on the wound, it sucks out all the poison and goes quite soft. When it has done its job it falls off the wound; you wash it in milk and it goes hard again, ready to be used for the next snake. Another neat cure is "a jackal's horn which grows in the middle of the forehead of one jackal in a thousand, and enables a jackal so equipped to be heard in Mecca or Medina when he is howling." This remedy is a very rare one. I do not personally vouch for any of these facts, most of which are quite new to me. Ganeshnath says that a snake lives for 1,100 years, and that it takes a year for its eggs to hatch. Incidentally, there are nine different kinds of cobra in India, but they are all just as deadly, so I don't think it matters much by which particular one you are bitten—for you will die most probably within fifteen minutes or even less. This is only one of the many little "off-shoots" in this interesting annual, and is very entertaining. This year's Kadir records, of course, could not be included as "The Hog Hunter's Annual" had to go to press long before the Cup was run and won by Mr. H. H. Jones, who is a 10th Hussar. It was rather a disappointing Kadir through a series of misfortunes, and in the final heat two out of the three came it. The illustrations in the "Annual" are very good, and the black-and-white sketches by Captain Tulloch, who is a serving soldier in the Indian Cavalry, are particularly good and add great value to any stories and articles which they adorn. The "Annual" is a capital production, and I congratulate the editors and all hands who have helped to make it so.



Graystone Bird

THREE HEADS AT WESTONBIRT

On the Westonbirt Girls' Speech Day. Dr. Alington, Head Master of Eton, seemingly none the worse or thinner for his recent exertions; Miss Popham, the Westonbirt Head Mistress, and the Rev. P. G. Warrington, founder of Westonbirt, Stowe, and other schools

A
"NECK-
AND-
NECK"
RACE!



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SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
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FIVE STAR
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Occasions



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Wear shoes with Uppers of Martin's "ZUG" Scotch Tanned Leather. "ZUG" is water-resisting, soft and pliable, yet as tough as rhino hide. It always comes up smiling after the hardest usage, retaining throughout an almost endless life its marvellous suppleness, comfort and style. In a wide range of models at popular prices from all good retailers.

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VALSTARS**

Lined throughout with a proofed check lining in shades to tone. In the full range of models there are 31 different shades from which to choose.

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Whatever the weather, wherever you are—the Valstar is undoubtedly the best outercoat for everyday wear. It is smart and distinguished in appearance—feather-light in weight—and gives positive protection in the worst weather. British throughout from yarn to finished garment—faultless in style as it is in performance—the Valstar is an absolute necessity to every woman. A better weathercoat you cannot buy whatever price you pay. On the moors, or for smartest social function, it is always correct—attractive and ideal. Leading outfitters, stores, and drapers will tell you so. Be sure to look for the Valstar label on the weathercoat you buy.

Valstars for ladies can be obtained from

52/6 to 70/-

VALSTAR
WEATHERCOAT

"for any weather and every day"

Sold by leading stores, drapers and outfitters. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

J. MANDLEBERG & COMPANY, LTD.
(Dept. T), VALSTAR WORKS, PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.



Eley Ad.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 122

for only three or four machines at most, for Captain Dancy and Mr. Rowarth have sufficient data about all the standard types.

How it Works.

In these days when velocity is worshipped as the god of gods, and speed is the creed of all creation, thanks are due to those who enable us to learn more in a given time, or to learn the same amount in less time, and chief among them must be placed Shell-Mex and B.P., who have ever given whole-hearted support to aviation in all its forms. Their latest production is a multiple folder, booklet, brochure, pamphlet, or protocol which gives a busy bee's-eye view of the aeroplane, the engine, and their associated innards. It is of the utmost importance that the aeroplane owner should have available some device for quickly instructing him, and for permitting him to refresh his memory at intervals without effort. In brief it contains keyed pictures of the aeroplane and its engine in which flaps fold down on top of each other to complete the external appearance. When it is desired to know what goes on inside, a flap is lifted and there is disclosed the appropriate portion of the "works."

The folder contains four plates, beautifully drawn, and carefully and accurately keyed to the succinct descriptive matter.

It will be recalled that Shell produced the book, "Practical Flying for Amateurs," a short time ago, and that this book gives a good fifteen shillings' worth of information for five shillings. Aeronautical enthusiasts must now thank them for another equally valuable publication. There will be a rush for pen and paper when I say that first copies will go to those who write in at once to the Publicity Department of Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 124

were doing nicely. One sat at the wheel and gave the engine about 5,000 r.p.m.—good and solid. Then she let the clutch in with a wallop. The distracted little car leapt forward and upward, and the second lady then very dexterously chocked it with a bloomin' great gravestone, "granite with knobs on." Certainly the principle worked—and who was I to plead that 800 r.p.m. and a tenderer toe would have let that abused little tit swim smoothly up the gradient.

False Economy.

It seems that there are still a number of motorists whose ideas of "much cheaper motoring" are so morbid that they will buy reconditioned plugs, innocently trusting in the fact that those plugs bear, sometimes, very notable and reputations initials. Of course, what they don't realize is that said plugs were probably designed for War-time aircraft engines, and sold by the Government as un-serviceable. For ordinary motor-car purposes they would be dear at a penny, simply because they are unsuitable, as under certain conditions is even the finest sample of emery paper. This is a true story that I will tell you. A young idiot acquaintance of mine started to "hot-up" a little car that a damfool parent had given him. Almost the first thing he did was to bust three quid on a set of "special racing" plugs. These were built for a very high compression, very hot-running engine. In his low-compression, cool-running engine they instantly oiled up. The local garriidge recommended a super-heavy lubricant. For an hour or so it apparently functioned. But the next morning it was not so good. The engine was mildly "revved up," but stuff like thick marmalade does not willingly go through tiny pipes and bearings, and the end was worse than can be described.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S NEW 1933 STANDARD "SIXTEEN"

Captain John P. Black, the Director and General Manager the Standard Motor Company, inspecting H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's new car on the occasion of H.R.H.'s recent visit to the company's works at Canley, Coventry. A luncheon was given in honour of H.R.H., who was received by Mr. R. W. Maudsley, the Chairman, and by Captain Black. The car was supplied to H.R.H. through Major Ronald Maude of Messrs. Car Mart, Ltd., 46-50, Park Lane, London, W.1

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Withdrawn from the
world of affairs...
within the quiet of
one's own thoughts
—PLAYER'S make very
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100'S BOXES 4/8d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6d

"Mon . . . it was
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ma opponent's
form was sae
guid that if he'd
had sense tae
play wi' a Silver
King I wad ha'
lost the match"

The 'little more' of
length — accuracy —
uniformity — secured
by the unique 'im-
proved construction'
(Patent No. 325590)
of the Silver King Ball
often makes all the
difference between
'win and lose.'

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THE CONSISTENT GOLF BALL

In Mesh and Recess Markings 2/-,
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BP PLUS

THE BLUE PETROL

plus that little extra something
some others haven't got*

BP Plus is constant in quality and performance. It has just that quantity of tetra-ethyl-lead* which experts know will give your car maximum efficiency on the road and it is obtainable everywhere.

"Your cushions assisted me considerably"

Kaye Don

Standard on various Austin, Morris, Hillman, Wolseley models, and other famous makes. Only 52/- to convert an existing double spring-seat, 40 ins. wide. Write for full particulars.

What Mr. Kaye Don says about Moseley "Float-on-Air" Upholstery is echoed all along the line of famous speed and racing kings who use these pneumatic seats and cushions. And most do! Think what that means to you. Proved under the severest conditions, "Float-on-Air" can give you perfect comfort on the fastest, longest run, and freedom from jolts and shocks on the worst roads. This is due to the Moseley patented system of specially arranged and folded tubes, which give complete support and protection at a very low air pressure.

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"F-O-A"

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In September.

Some time in September, Mr. Eric Frank Williamson, the eldest son of Mr. S. and Mrs. E. F. Williamson of Norwich, is marrying Miss Margaret Joyce Mawby, the eldest daughter of Mr. T. O. Mawby and the late Mrs. Gertrude Mawby of Spalding Marsh, Lincolnshire.



Bertram Park

MISS MARY MOSS

The only daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Wood C. Moss, a barrister-at-law of Alexandria, Egypt, and Mrs. George Gay, of Wick Lodge, Newbury. She is engaged to Mr. Charles Brydon Gilroy, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gilroy of Battledene, Newbury.

Bennetts of Southsea, Hants, and Miss Margaret Ward Greenhalgh, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Greenhalgh of Summerhill, Sharples, Bolton, Lancashire; Captain John Vincent Bell, 5th Battalion, 1st Punjab Regiment, the elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. G. V. Bell of Worthing, and Miss

Next Month.

On August 10, Mr. A. D. B. Cocks, Royal Engineers, and Miss M. du C. Chads are being married quietly at St. Mary's, Alverstoke; the 19th is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Norman Dudbridge and Miss Irene E. Hedger-Wallace, which is to be at All Saints' Church, Uplands, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

Some Recent Engagements.

Mr. Linley Francis Messel, the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel L. C. R. and Mrs. Messel of Nymans, Handcross, Sussex, and Miss Anne Alexander, the only daughter of Commander F. J. Alexander of Hothorpe Hall, Rugby, and Mrs. W. L. Alexander of 1, York House, York Street, W.; Major Humphry Sydney Finch, M.C., the King's Own Royal Regiment (retired) of Bradworthy, Devon, the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Thomas Finch, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Oliver, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Oliver of Ploverfield, Bursledon, Hants; Lieutenant Sydney William Floyd Bennetts, Royal Navy, the only son of Paymaster Captain S. Bennetts, O.B.E., Royal Navy (retired), and Mrs.

Jacqueline Mary Kelly, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly of 5, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead; Mr. Charles Edward Eyre Masters of Littlecott, Warfield, Bracknell, Berks, the only son of the late Major and Mrs. E. E. Masters, and Miss Freda Eleanor Bruce, the younger daughter of the late Mr. E. E. Vellinghausen and of Mrs. A. Vellinghausen, late of Armadale, Sutton, Surrey; Mr. Alfred Alistair Cooke, the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Cooke of North Shore, Blackpool, Lancs, and Miss Henrietta Mary Jeanne Riddle, the daughter of the Baroness von Hutten; Mr. Francis Adin Nutter, M.C., the eldest son of the late Mr. Philip E. Nutter and Mrs. Nutter of 11, Woburn Square, W.C., and Miss Gwynedd Hallam Roberts, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Roberts of 2, Hare Court, Temple, E.C., and the Smithy Cottage, Orford, Suffolk.



Hay Wrightson

MISS PHYLLIS DANIELS

Who is to marry Captain John Cameron Friedberger, Royal Horse Artillery, the third son of the late Captain W. S. Friedberger, Royal Fusiliers, and Mrs. Friedberger of Latchmoor Cottage, Brocklehurst. Miss Daniels is the elder daughter of Sir Percy Daniels, K.B.E., and Lady Daniels of 41, South Street, W., and Sandwich Bay, Kent.

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your son to
WEST-END TAILORING
traditions



YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S
LOUNGE SUITS FROM
FIVE GUINEAS

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Weatherill**
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Ascot, Aldershot, Camberley.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot

water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

ABBOTT and Eve

ARCH-EESI FASHION FITTING ECONOMY



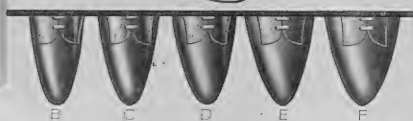
WHEN Eve needs a practical as well as a beautiful shoe she naturally turns to ABBOTTS

The Mayflow Arch-Eesi gives a delightful sense of support, combined with that shoeless feeling. STOCKED IN BLACK GLACE KID AND A RICH SUBDUED BROWN

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NEW DUMPHY LOUIS HEEL



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(NEXT TO D. H. EVANS)

And at all ABBOTTS Branches.



AFTER SHOPPING

When you have torn yourself away from the counter and, fagged out, reached home with those precious bargains, refresh yourself with a bath with Wright's. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the enemy of fatigue. Its healthy smell invigorates. Its antiseptic, Liquor Carbonis Detergens, protects against infection.



6d. per tablet



BAD AACHEN for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA

(Aix-la-Chapelle)

THE HOTTEST SULPHUR SPRINGS IN CENTRAL EUROPE
151° F. AVAILABLE DIRECTLY AT YOUR RESIDENCE.

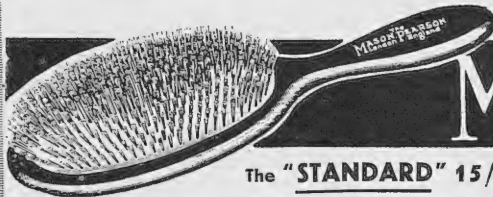
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Full pension from Reichsmark 8.50 (approx. 10 shillings) in first class hotels.

Special inclusive arrangements for complete cure.

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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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STOLL, KINGSWAY.

DAILY from 12 noon.

(SUNDAYS from 6.0)

Week of July 18th.

"THE HONOURABLE
MR. WONG"

with EDWARD G. ROBINSON
and LORETTA YOUNG

"HIS WOMAN"

starring

GARY COOPER and
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

With Richmond Show the season of the big shows near London comes to an end. On the whole it has been a remarkably successful one. There has naturally been a slight falling-off in entries, but nothing to matter. The great strength and solid foundation of the dog industry have been plainly shown in the way it has met the crisis, also the pluck and determination of exhibitors. Richmond was spoilt by a damp, wretched day, very unlucky, as this show is always a great place for the smaller breeders to show and dispose of puppies before the summer holidays. There were the most attractive families of Dalmatians, dachshunds, cockers, and a splendid family of St. Bernards, but they could none of them be properly displayed. The great interest of the show was a family of "long-haired pugs," shown by Mrs. Micklem. These puppies have long soft hair, their pedigree is unimpeachable, and they aroused much interest.

Bournemouth Show, unlike Richmond, was favoured with ideal weather, and was a most pleasant



DANDIES
The property of Mrs. Carlyle



T. Arnold Bennett, Bromley
HALF MOON BEAU BRUMMEL
The property of Mrs. C. Wilkinson

function. The redoubtable Bramshaw Bob was once again made "best in show" in keen competition. This dog has competed for this special six times, and been awarded it five times, surely a record. Mrs. Jamieson Higgins won the special for the best bitch in the show with Falconers Chita.

bourhood. Mrs. Hope, whose pups are for sale which she will part with for very moderate sums, including a male from the first prize litter at Olympia last month; she says he is a most fascinating little creature.

Mrs. Carlyle sends a picture of two dandie pups she has for sale; the photograph is taken with their mother. The pups are nearly three months old and are both dogs, one pepper and one mustard.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

I have a most interesting letter from Mrs. Wilkinson, whose miniature black and tan terriers are so well known. She says: "This breed is returning to popularity by leaps and bounds, and I can't breed them quickly enough. I had nine in the last litters, and all were gone at seven weeks old. Every pup of my breeding has been a winner when shown. I sent five to Bombay in November last, and now have inquiries from Madrid, Tokio, Kansas City, and Chicago." Mrs. Wilkinson sends a picture of Ch. Half Moon Beau Brummel. Beau Brummel has won three certificates and many prizes, including best non-sporting dog at Thames Valley Show. These little dogs are most attractive as they are extremely intelligent, and their tiny size and smooth coats make them no trouble anywhere.

Another toy breed, this time the charming and attractive Japanese spaniel. Miss Savile, whose Japs are so well known to us, writes: "I have some lovely black and white puppies three months old for sale. They are beautifully marked, good specimens, and full of the joy of life, happy little dogs. I have another young litter for disposal." The pups are ready to go now, and Miss Savile will be pleased to show them to anyone. Her address is Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate. All her dogs lead healthy outdoor lives in a particularly healthy neighborhood. Mrs. Hope, whose Japs are also well known to us, has some good



JAPANESE PUPPIES
The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

FLAWLESS FEATURES.

RESULTS
LASTING FOR LIFE



Age is no Barrier

The Hystogen-Derma-Process restores to the face and neck its perfectly natural contour, removes loose, baggy skin from around the eyes, and corrects imperfections of nose, lips, ears, skin flaws, etc. All treatments are painless and the result is achieved in three short visits during a week.

The Hystogen-Derma-Process is explained in Mr. C. H. Willis's new book "The Secret of Looking Young," based on 25 years' experience and 10,000 successful cases. The book also contains signed articles about Mr. Willis's work, by Lady Maud Warrender, Gilbert Frankau and Margery Lawrence, etc. Price 2/6. Sent on receipt of P.O.

A lady who has recently been treated for the removal of pouches under the eyes, loose overhanging upper eyelids and restoration of the facial contour offers, free of charge, to visit interested ladies at their own homes to show the results obtained within a week by the Hystogen-Derma-Process.

Free Consultation.

Hours: 10 a.m.—5 p.m. Call or write.

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(45 Holes)

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(30 Courts)

BATHING POOL

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COATS, SUITS AND GOWNS

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Tailored Coat

in tweed, smartly cut with useful scarf collar of set material, can be made in a variety of tweeds in new designs. Lined throughout.

Made to order 8½ gns.



New Tailor-made

in fine check suiting with five-button waistcoat of oen materia. to match. New skirt cut with very slight flare; preferably in brown/beige, black/white and navy/white check.

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copy of a Marnbocher model, in a good reversible satin, bodice becoming to both large and small figures, belt finished handsome diamanté clasp.

To order up to 48 size

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READ THIS LIVING TESTIMONY.

Nuneaton.

"Dear Madam.—Thank you so much for the horoscope you forwarded to me last week-end. It had been a most miserable week, and your advice came just in time to enable me to ward off what would have been one of the worst troubles I have ever had to face."—Mrs. J. L.

Ottery St. Mary.

"Dear Madam.—Very many thanks for my horoscope, which I am delighted with, and am greatly surprised to find how clearly you have given me such an interesting forecast of my future."

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Look at this lovely coat in Natural Musquash. Well cut. Made from choice full skins—particularly good wearing. Was 18 gns.

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HINDES "Tinglow" BODY FRICTION BRUSH

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In Assorted Colours. From Boots, Timothy Whites, Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

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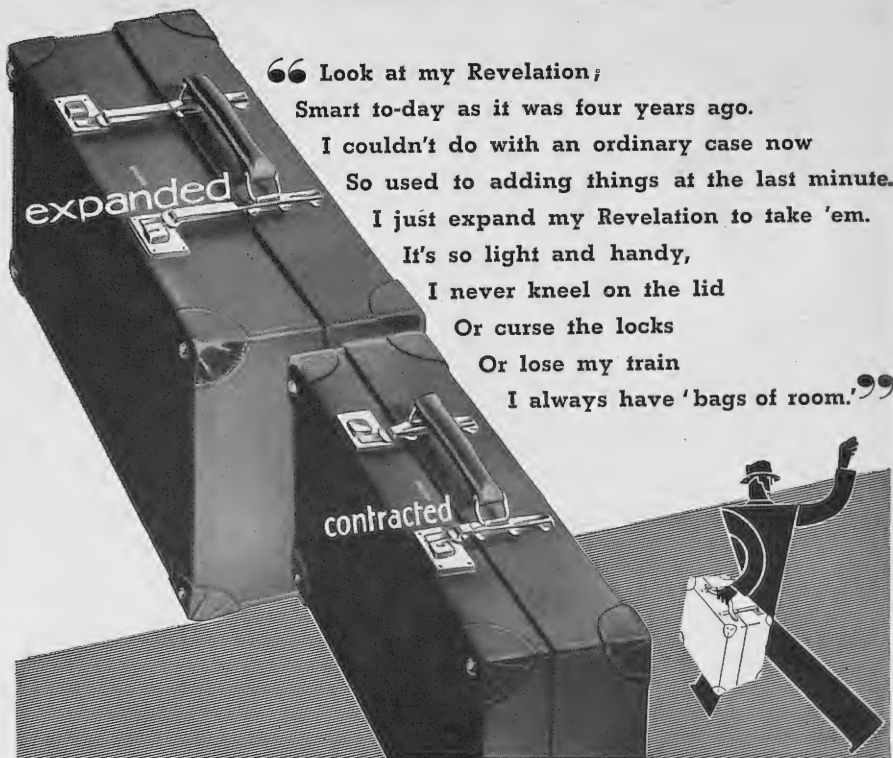
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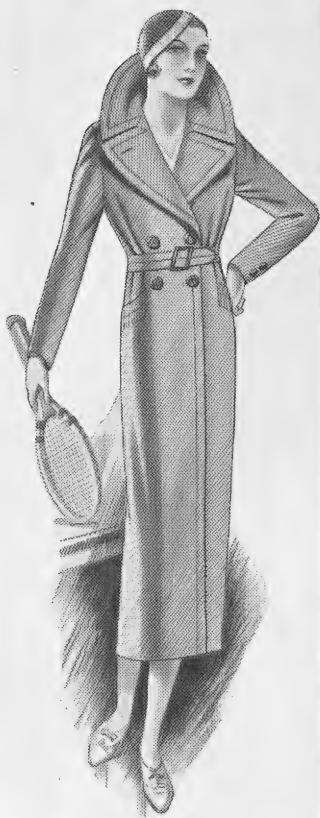
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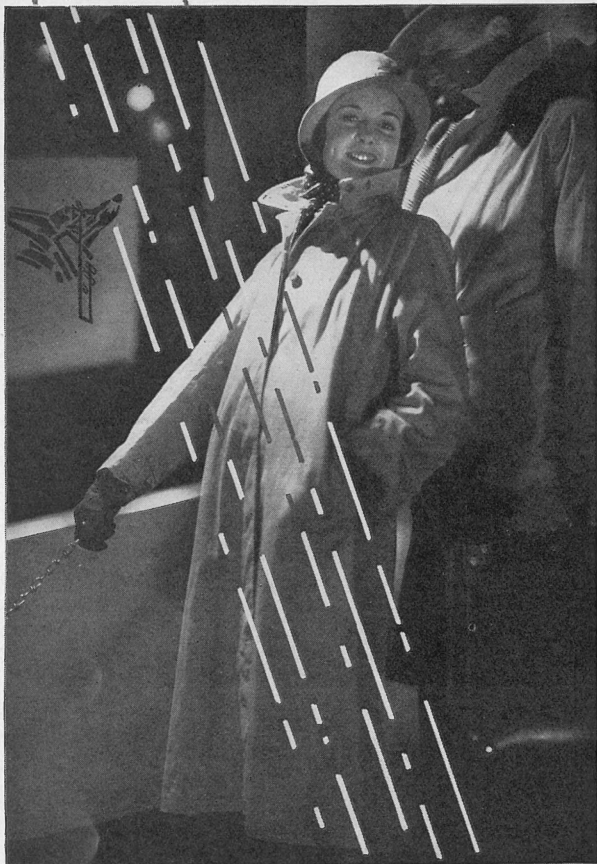
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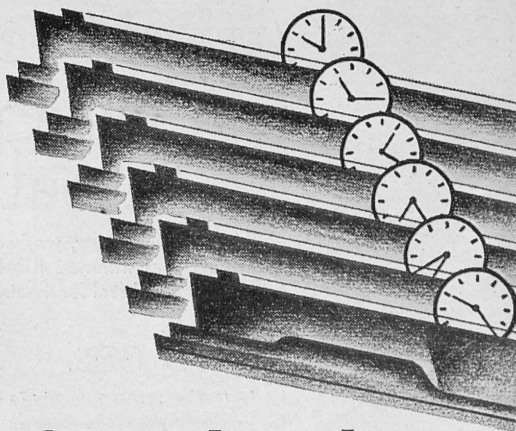
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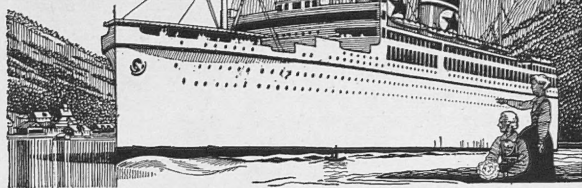
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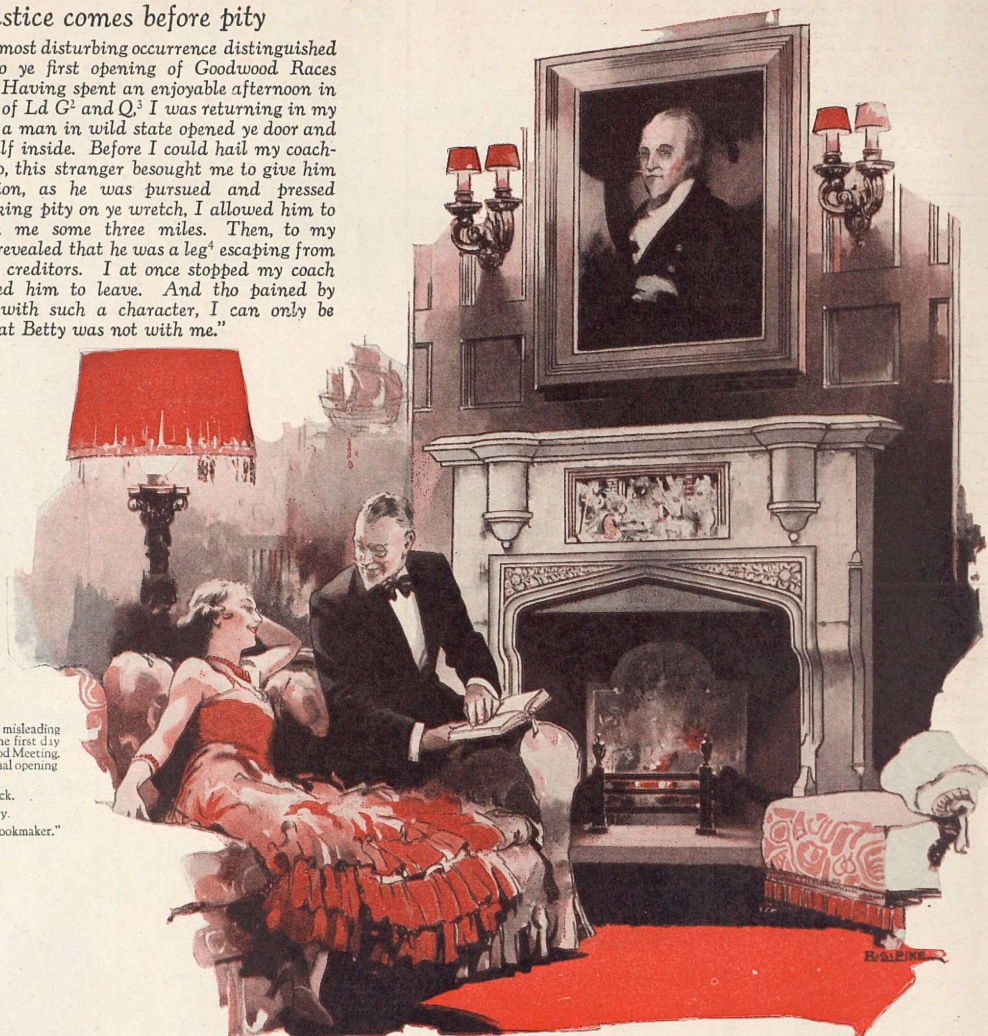
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Justice comes before pity

1805:—"A most disturbing occurrence distinguished my visit to ye first opening of Goodwood Races yesterday.¹ Having spent an enjoyable afternoon in ye company of Ld G² and Q³, I was returning in my coach when a man in wild state opened ye door and flung himself inside. Before I could hail my coachman to stop, this stranger besought me to give him my protection, as he was pursued and pressed sorely. Taking pity on ye wretch, I allowed him to travel with me some three miles. Then, to my disgust, he revealed that he was a leg⁴ escaping from his rightful creditors. I at once stopped my coach and required him to leave. And tho pained by association with such a character, I can only be thankful that Betty was not with me."

1. The diary is rather misleading here. It refers to the first day of the 1805 Goodwood Meeting, and not to the original opening which was in 1802.
2. Lord George Bentinck.
3. Duke of Queensberry.
4. Period slang for "bookmaker."



Lady Angela: "Seems to have worried him a bit. Still, it can't have been very nice to have a man like that crashing in on one."

Sir Edward: "I can imagine my great-grandfather's consternation and disgust when he found that he had given a lift to a 'welsher.' I rather wonder, though, that the possibility didn't occur to him earlier."

Lady Angela: "Why? It doesn't occur to me that every stranger I see is making off with someone's money."

Sir Edward: "Not nowadays, Angela. But at that time there must have been quite a number of people in just such a hurry after the races."

Lady Angela: "How depressing! Does it still happen, do you think?"

Sir Edward: "Yes or no, it doesn't affect you or me, my dear."

Lady Angela: "True enough. But do you know, Ted . . . sometimes I think that if 'Duggie' gave up business I'd give up racing."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2